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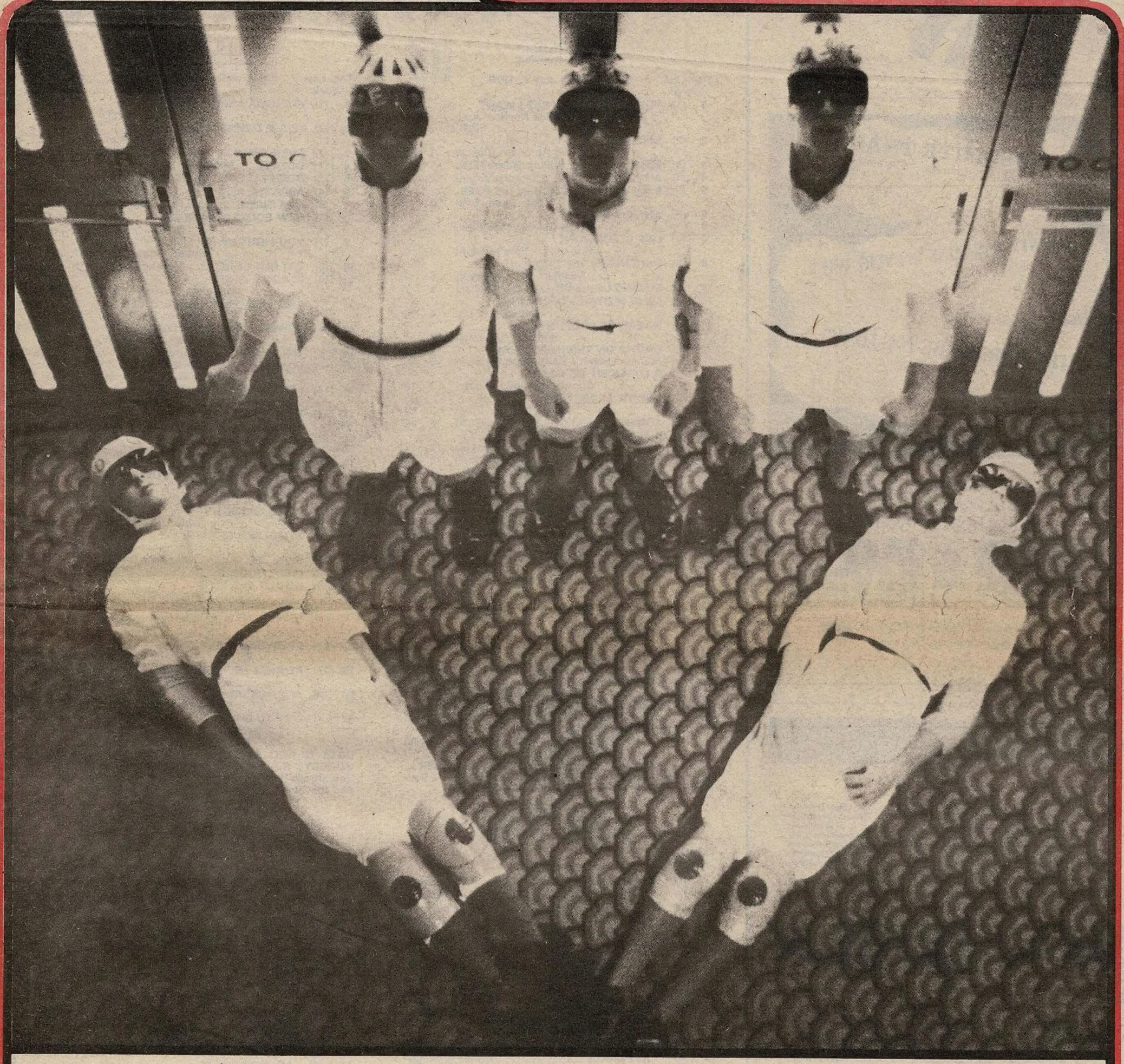

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BLACK MUSIC & JAZZ REVIEW

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending July 3, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
7	1	SKWEEZE ME, PLEEZE ME	Slade (Polydor)
4	2	WELCOME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)
1	3	RUBBER BULLETS	10 c.c. (UK)
2	4	ALBATROSS	Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
5	5	SNOOPY VERSUS THE RED BARON	Hot Shots (Mooncrest)
16	6	BORN TO BE WITH YOU	Dave Edmunds (Rockpile)
3	7	THE GROOVER	T. Rex (EMI)
9	8	GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH)	George Harrison (Apple)
18	9	LIFE ON MARS	David Bowie (RCA)
10	10	LIVE AND LET DIE	Wings (Apple)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending July 3, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	BABY COME BACK	Equals (President)
1	2	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	Rolling Stones (Decca)
8	3	SON OF HICKORY HOLLER'S TRAMP	O. C. Smith (CBS)
4	4	BLUE EYES	Don Partridge (Columbia)
6	5	I PRETEND	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
3	6	HURDY GURDY MAN	Donovan (Pye)
5	7	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
11	8	MY NAME IS JACK	Manfred Mann (Fontana)
9	9	LOVIN' THINGS	Marmalade (CBS)
13	10	YESTERDAY'S GONE	Cupid's Inspiration (Nems)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending July 5, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I LIKE IT	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
2	2	ATLANTIS	Shadows (Columbia)
10	3	I'M CONFESSIN'	Frank Ifield (Clumbia)
3	4	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY	Freddie & The Dreamers (Columbia)
4	5	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
5	6	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
6	7	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
11	8	BO DIDDLEY	Buddy Holly (Coral)
9	9	FALLING	Roy Orbison (London)
12	10	DA DOO RON RON	Crystals (London)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending July 8, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Highest position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	7	1
2	(2)	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)	4	2
3	(3)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones (EMI)	5	2
4	(4)	AIRPORT	Motors (Virgin)	4	4
5	(9)	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES	Kate Bush (EMI)	4	5
6	(5)	ANNIE'S SONG	James Galway (Red Seal)	7	4
7	(12)	LIKE CLOCKWORK	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	3	7
8	(10)	DANCING IN THE CITY	Marshall Hain (Harvest)	4	8
9	(7)	MAKING UP AGAIN	Goldie (Bronze)	5	7
10	(14)	MIND BLOWING DECISIONS	Heatwave (GTO)	4	10
11	(8)	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)	11	1
12	(6)	DAVY'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Manfred Mann's Earth Band (Bronze)	6	6
13	(29)	A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	2	13
14	(15)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	O'Jays (Warner Bros)	3	14
15	(19)	ARGENTINE MELODY	San Jose (MCA)	2	15
16	(21)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	2	16
17	(13)	OH CAROL	Smokie (Rak)	7	5
18	(22)	DON'T FEAR THE REAPER	Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	5	18
19	(17)	BEAUTIFUL LOVER	Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	4	17
20	(—)	(WHITE MAN) IN HAMMERSMITH PALAIS	Clash (CBS)	1	20
21	(27)	FROM EAST TO WEST	Voyage (GTO/Hansa)	2	21
22	(11)	CA PLANE POUR MOI	Plastic Bertrand (Sire)	8	7
23	(24)	SUBSTITUTE	Clout (Carrere)	2	23
24	(28)	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)	13	1
25	(26)	ROSALIE	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	5	20
26	(—)	RUN FOR HOME	Lindisfarne (Mercury)	1	26
27	(—)	COME ON DANCE DANCE	Saturday Night Band (CBS)	1	27
28	(—)	THE BIGGEST BLOW	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	1	28
29	(—)	ROCK & ROLL DAMNATION	AC/DC (Atlantic)	1	29
30	(—)	WILD WEST HERO	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2	30

BUBBLING UNDER

STAY — Jackson Browne (Asylum); DRAGON POWER — JKD Band (Satril); JUST LET ME DO MY THING — Sine (CBS); MOVIN' OUT — Billy Joel (CBS).

ALBUMS

Week ending July 8, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Highest position	Weeks in chart
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	11	1
2	(2)	LIVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	5	2
3	(3)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones (EMI)	4	3
4	(11)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues (Threshold)	4	4
5	(13)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	3	5
6	(4)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	24	1
7	(9)	KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	18	1
8	(7)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	23	5
9	(7)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	12	4
10	(6)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	16	6
11	(5)	BLACK & WHITE	Stranglers (United Artists)	7	1
12	(17)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	14	2
13	(15)	POWER IN THE DARKNESS	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	7	6
14	(10)	THE STUD	Soundtrack (Ronco)	12	2
15	(—)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	1	15
16	(14)	I KNOW 'COS I WAS THERE	Max Boyce (EMI)	6	14
17	(16)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	19	7
18	(21)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	71	1
19	(20)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	3	14
19	(23)	DAVID GILMOUR	David Gilmour (Harvest)	4	19
21	(19)	PETER GABRIEL	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	3	13
22	(22)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Frank Sinatra (EMI)	9	6
23	(27)	REAL LIFE	Magazine (Virgin)	2	23
24	(18)	DISCO DOUBLE	Various (K-Tel)	4	9
25	(25)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	30	3
26	(—)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Various (World Records)	11	26
27	(12)	EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	7	5
28	(29)	PENNIES FROM HEAVEN	Various (World Records)	11	10
29	(24)	ANYTIME, ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge (A & M)	12	6
30	(—)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	15	4

BUBBLING UNDER

ROCK 'N' ROLL RULES OK — Various Artists (Charly); GOODBYE GIRL — David Gates (Elektra); GREASE — Soundtrack (RSO); YOU'RE GONNA GET IT — Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers (Island).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending July 8, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
2	(2)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty
3	(3)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
4	(6)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones
5	(5)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba
6	(7)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	The O'Jays
7	(11)	STILL THE SAME	Bob Seger
8	(8)	DANCE WITH ME	Peter Brown
9	(10)	YOU BELONG TO ME	Carly Simon
10	(12)	THE GROOVE LINE	Heatwave
11	(4)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	Olivia Newton John/John Travolta
12	(15)	BLUER THAN BLUE	Michael Johnson
13	(18)	LAST DANCE	Donna Summer
14	(19)	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD	Meat Loaf
15	(13)	EVERY KINDA PEOPLE	Robert Palmer
16	(24)	GREASE	Frankie Valli
17	(17)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
18	(—)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores
19	(22)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption
20	(21)	YOU'RE THE LOVE	Seals & Crofts
21	(—)	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY	'ABLO Cruise
22	(28)	RUNAWAY	Jefferson Starship
23	(25)	FOLLOW YOU FOLLOW ME	Genesis
24	(26)	WONDERFUL TONIGHT	Eric Clapton
25	(27)	ONLY THE GOOD DIE YOUNG	Billy Joel
26	(—)	COPACABANA (AT THE COPA)	Barry Manilow
27	(—)	MY ANGEL BABY	Toby Beau
28	(—)	LIFE'S BEEN SO GOOD	Joe Walsh
29	(14)	LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet
30	(—)	MAGNET AND STEELE	Walter Egan

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending July 1st, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
3	(3)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
4	(4)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
5	(9)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
6	(12)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
7	(5)	FEELS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
8	(13)	DARKNESS OF THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen
9	(15)	GREASE	Various Artists
10	(11)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY	Various Artists
11	(8)	BOYS IN THE TREES	Carly Simon
12	(6)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
13	(17)	BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS	Joe Walsh
14	(14)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
15	(16)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
16	(10)	FM	Various Artists
17	(23)	SONGBIRD	Barbra Streisand
18	(18)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
19	(7)	SO FULL OF LOVE	The O'Jays
20	(24)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
21	(19)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
22	(21)	CENTRAL HEATING	Heatwave
23	(28)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba
24	(20)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis
25	(26)	DOUBLE PLATINUM	Kiss
26	(25)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
27	(27)	SHOWDOWN	Isley Brothers
28	(30)	AJA	Steely Dan
29	(22)	MAGAZINE	Heart
30	(29)	EASTER	Patti Smith Group

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS Edited: Derek Johnson DESK

Charlton 0 GLC United 1

SOCCER CLUB OUTDOOR GIG CALLED OFF

THE PROJECTED open-air rock concert at the Charlton football ground in South-East London, planned for July 22, was officially called off at the weekend. Official explanation is that, at a specially convened meeting last Thursday, the GLC refused to grant a licence — despite having previously indicated to the promoter Len Sang that they were fully satisfied with his arrangements. The final decision — a close one, apparently — was prompted by objections from local residents' associations, and Sang has opted not to appeal.

The event has been fraught with difficulties from the outset, not least in getting the bill together. Numerous names have been bandied around during the past two months — from Blondie to The Boomtown Rats, from Bob Seger to Kansas — but in the final analysis, none of them materialised.

Another obstacle seems to have been the planned £10 admission charge, which not only caused some acts to withdraw from the bill (Steve Gibbons Band and The Motors, among them), but also failed to impress the public — who are having to pay only £6.50 to see Bob Dylan and Eric Clapton the previous weekend.

With the bill persistently failing to take shape, Sang was left with just two confirmed acts — Lou Reed and David Coverdale's White Snake — and these were the only names he was able to list in his radio and national Press advertising.

A spokesman admitted that "not a large stack of money" had been received in advance bookings, and it's understood that — prior to the cancellation — there were plans to reduce the ticket price to £7. Meanwhile those who have booked by post will, says Sang, have their money refunded within ten days.

It was admitted that the GLC's refusal has enabled Sang to cut his losses, though there have already been some, including a part advance payment to Lou Reed. But Sang still intends to press ahead with future plans, including a string of indoor concerts during the Christmas season. "He's learned a lot of lessons from Charlton, and he'll be back", said the spokesman.

Bernard Brook-Partridge, a member of the GLC's licensing committee, explained the council's decision. He said: "The history of concerts at this ground has not been a happy one for residents. And we were not convinced that the promoters have the necessary experience to mount such a concert. We thought they were out of their depth."

Rambow trio on the road

PHILIP RAMBOW is back on the road with a new three-piece band whose line-up features, from left to right in our picture, Laurie Jellyman (drums), Mark Richardson (bass) and Rambow (guitar and vocals). The band is known simply as Rambow, and they're making their debut by way of a string of London gigs throughout July — billed as "Rambow's Toilet Tour" and supported by The Ruts. Provincial dates will follow, and their first single is expected by the autumn.

Confirmed gigs are at Covent Garden Rock Garden tonight (Thursday), July 13, 19 and 26; Harrow Road Windsor Castle tomorrow (Friday), July 14, 21 and 28; Hammersmith Red Cow this Saturday, July 15, 22 and 29; Angel City Arms on July 10, 17, 24 and 31; and Islington Hope & Anchor on July 11, 18 and 25.

READING: PATTI'S SET, BUT NO RATS

THE BOOMTOWN RATS will not be appearing at the Reading Festival, even though they have been announced and advertised by the organisers as one of the main attractions for Saturday, August 26.

Their manager Factna O'Kelly told NME this week that they had not been contracted for the event, had not confirmed it verbally — and, in fact, had not even considered it.

Said O'Kelly: "Our agents Cowbell were approached some weeks ago, but they told the promoters that the Rats were not interested at that time. It was suggested that another approach be made closer to the time, to see if the situation had changed. But the next thing we knew was that the band had been billed.

"We owe a lot to the Marquee, who played an important part in the band's early days, and I'm sorry to be at odds with them now. But there's no way they'll be appearing at Reading. I'm only sorry if some people go there, on the strength of the advertising, specially to see The Rats. It could backfire on the band."

PATTI SMITH and her Group are now officially confirmed for a headlining appearance at the Reading Festival.

They top the bill on the final night — Sunday, August 27 — following appearances earlier that day by the Tom Robinson Band and the Ian Gillan Band, among others. Patti's spot in the event had been in some doubt, and she has not been advertised until now, but her visit was finally tied up at the weekend. She also has a new EP coming out later this month — see page 4.

● Other new names confirmed for Reading since the first list was published a fortnight ago include The Automatics and After The Fire plus, as reported last week, the Greg Kihn Band.

PATTI SMITH

NEWS WAVES

THE SHIRTS have added another London date to their first-ever British tour, opening next Monday. It's at Camden Dingwalls, where they played their only previous U.K. date, on July 16. And the second of their proposed two nights at London Marquee on July 25 has now been switched to Kensington Nashville. Another newly booked gig for the band is at Leeds 'F' Club on July 19.

TANZ DER YOUTH have a string of three gigs at London Kensington Nashville this month — this Saturday, July 15 and 20. They've also been in Riverside Studios cutting three tracks — "Blue Light Flashing", "I'm Sorry I'm Sorry" and "Why I Die" — and are negotiating a record deal with a view to late August release.

THE DRONES, whose Manchester-based record label Valer folded earlier this year just after releasing the band's debut album, are hoping to finalise a new record deal shortly, and they've already cut four tracks in readiness for this. They're also being lined up for a string of London dates.

THE BOYFRIENDS will support themselves when they appear at London Kensington Nashville on Friday, July 14! Besides playing their usual set, they will appear earlier in the evening as The Backbeats playing a collection of '60s oldies — including "Waterloo Sunset", "All Or Nothing" and "See Emily Play".

THE RUNAWAYS will not now be playing any more dates in Britain, other than the four already announced — Cromer West Runton Pavilion (July 13), Birmingham Barbarella's (14 and 15) and London Lyceum (16). It was originally intended to add further gigs to this schedule, but the girls' U.S. commitments prevent an extension of their visit.

FOUR LONDON CLASH DATES

THE CLASH have at last found a London venue at which to climax their current British tour. After being turned down by several venues, and ruling out a return to the Rainbow, they've settled on the Music Machine in Camden — and they'll be appearing there for four successive nights, from July 24 to 27 inclusive. They'll be supported by U.S. duo Suicide, and there will also be a third band which will change nightly. Admission price had not been finalised at press-time, but was expected to be around £2.25, and tickets should be on sale at the box-office today (Thursday).

Magazine: Drury Lane ban

MAGAZINE have been forced to call off their proposed concert at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, July 23, reported last week. The venue is owned by the Moss Empires chain, whose head office was responsible for the cancellation, a spokesman explaining that the band "verges on punk, and we couldn't risk the reputation of the theatre". Magazine also missed the scheduled opening night of their current tour at Birmingham Barbarella's last Saturday, as no-one was available at the venue to set up their equipment, and they are now trying to arrange a gig in the city for later in their tour.

New Vibrators ready to launch

THE VIBRATORS are poised to re-emerge with a new line-up, built around founder members Knox (lead vocals and guitar) and Eddy (drums). As reported last week, they've been involved in a major upheaval, with three musicians leaving — Gary Tibbs (bass) and recent recruits Don Snow (keyboards) and Dave Birch (guitar). It seemed at the time that Knox and Eddy would be launching a new project, but it now transpires that they've decided to stick with The Vibrators, bringing in new personnel to replace the outgoing men.

Knox and Eddy basically ARE The Vibrators — Tibbs replaced the original bassist, and NME understands that neither Snow nor Birch was officially contracted to the band — so it's logical that they should retain the name of the band they founded. Although the names of the new members haven't yet been announced, they are already rehearsing with Knox and Eddy, preparing for a string of dates which are being lined up to start later this month. Details will be announced shortly.

— AND NEW KILLJOYS

THE KILLJOYS are back in action again, after last week's news that they had broken up. They now have a new line-up including three of the original members — Kevin Rowland (vocals), Kevin Archer (guitar) and Karl Sweeny (drums) — plus two newcomers, Elaine Pace (bass) and Don Caple (guitar).

The two outgoing members are Ghislaine Weston and Mark Phillips. The re-vamped band are now rehearsing for an upcoming string of gigs, and they hope also to clinch a record deal in the near future.

Meanwhile, Ghislaine is now involved in a new band called Out Of Nowhere, said to be completely different from The Killjoys. Rest of the personnel is Bob Peach (drums), Mark LeRoi (guitar), David (vocals), Rich London (sax) and Mike Billingham (keyboards). They've already cut a few tracks and hope to start gigging shortly.

THE D.P.'s — formerly The Depressions — are still looking for a new guitarist to replace Frank Smith, who left recently, though they are now down to a short list of applicants. But they are still managing to continue working in the studios, where they are currently recording their next two singles and a new album, the latter for September release on the Barn label.

MORE SUICIDE

SUICIDE will be playing a string of dates in their own right, besides their appearances on the Clash tour. They are Birmingham Barbarella's (July 17), London Marquee (18), Plymouth Metro (21), Liverpool Eric's (29), Edinburgh Tiffany's (31) and Leeds 'F' Club (August 1). Their album "Suicide" is available tomorrow (Friday), and on July 14 Bronze issue their single "Cheree" in both seven-inch and 12-inch form.

Spex back on chart trail

X-RAY SPEX have their new single released by EMI on July 14, the follow-up to their first chart entry "The Day The World Turned Dayglo". It's a new version of one of their most successful stage numbers "Identity", coupled with "Let's Submerge". The first 50,000 will be issued in a picture sleeve, and the single is to be the subject of a big EMI promotion campaign. With singer Poly Styrene now back in action after her recent collapse, the band are close to finishing their debut album, for autumn release.

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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

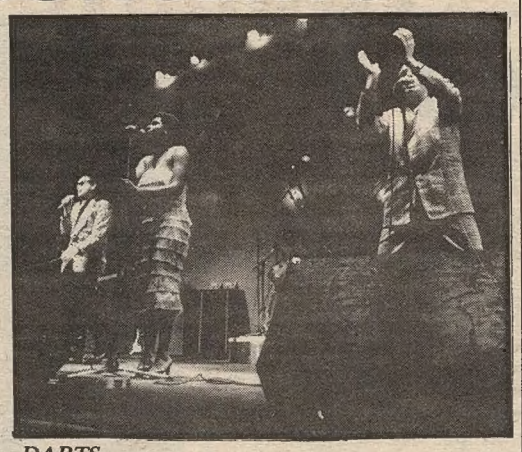
DARTS AND HILLAGE IN FREE CONCERTS

ALTHOUGH Darts will not now be appearing in the proposed "Music Circus" at Bournemouth Football Stadium on Saturday, July 15, they will instead be headlining another open-air concert the same day — some 130 miles away. And what's more, it's a free gig! They've been invited to appear at Spurriers Town Park in Harlow, Essex, in one of the series of free summer concerts being organised by the local council.

Another outdoor gig follows for Darts on Sunday, July 30, when they appear in a special Variety Club function at Mallory Park, near Leicester. It's basically a motor-racing event, including the Radio 1 Formula One race, but Darts will be providing a concert interlude. Admission is £2.50 adults, £1 children.

Last week, Darts were presented with Gold Discs for U.K. sales of their two albums and three of their singles.

● As reported last week, Bournemouth F.C. refused permission for the Music Circus — which was also to have starred Steve Hillage and The Motors — to be staged on their ground. The promoters tried to find an alternative venue in the area, but were unsuccessful and the event is now off.



DARTS

STEVE HILLAGE also has a free open-air gig, but not on the same day as the proposed Bournemouth show. He tops the bill in the six-day Deeply Vale Peoples Free Festival, being staged three miles north of Bury in Lancashire from July 20 to 25 inclusive, with Hillage starring on the final night. Among many other acts set are Circus, Oasis and Drive By Night (20); Emergency, Howard The Duck, Cry Tough, Nirvana and Body (21); Alternative TV, The Fall, The Restricted, Victor Brox and Here & Now (22); China Street, The Risk, The Out, The Ruts and Misty (23); Aqua, Creation, Dawnweaver, The Tunes, Mekon and Preacher (24); and Geoncide, The Reducers, Pegasus and Visitor 2035 (25).

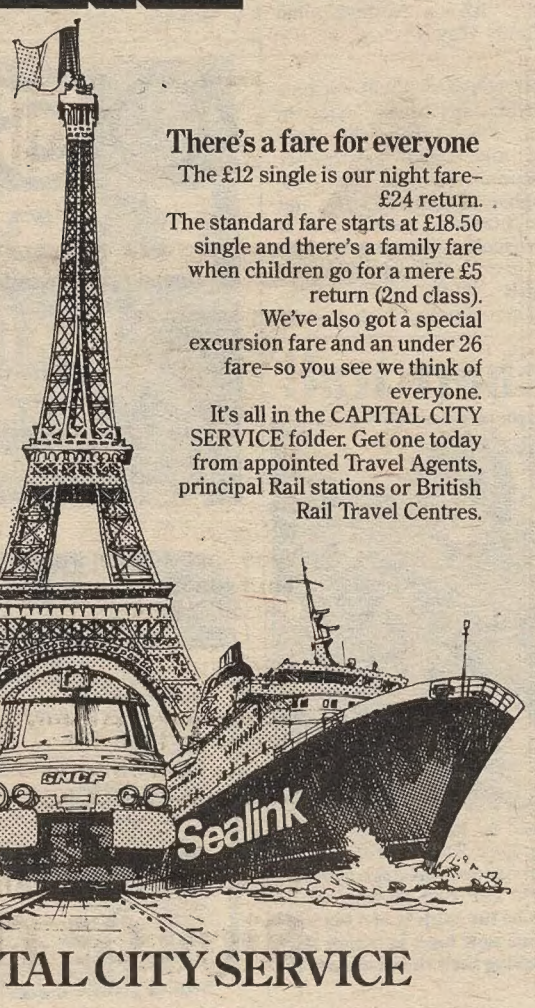
Etta James London gigs next week

ETTA JAMES, the near-legendary R&B singer, makes her first British appearances next week after over 20 years in the business! She's coming to Europe primarily to play the Montreux Jazz Festival, but she stops off in London to headline two nights at Camden Dingwalls next Tuesday and Wednesday (11-12), and she'll be backed by her regular seven-piece Los Angeles band. To tie in with her visit, Warner Brothers issue her debut album for the label this weekend, titled "Deep In The Night". Her single "Piece Of My Heart", taken from the LP, was released last week.

National Health in solo ventures

NATIONAL HEALTH, now with new member John Greaves on bass and vocals, have just started work on their second album for September release by Charly Records. Their next British tour will be in October and November, including a major London concert when the band will be augmented by a brass section and several guest musicians. Meanwhile, three of the group will be undertaking individual projects — Greaves is to record a solo LP with lyricist Peter Blegvad; drummer Pip Pyle is involved in a one-off album venture with Elton Dean, High Hopper and Alan Gowen; and organist Dave Stewart will be releasing an LP of his own music in January.

We'll take you to PARIS from £12



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SNCF CAPITAL CITY SERVICE

● **Gerry Rafferty's** "City To City" album last week achieved platinum status (1.2 million sales) in America, as it zoomed into the No.2 spot in the U.S. charts. It's expected eventually to exceed double platinum (two million), specially as Rafferty flew to the States at the weekend to guest in a David Frost networked NBC-TV special. The LP has gone platinum in Australia, and gold in Holland and Germany.

● Jamaican singer and writer **Gregory Isaacs,** who toured Britain recently, has been signed to Virgin's Front Line label. His fifth album, recorded at Channel One in Jamaica, will be issued via his new outlet in the late summer.

● EMI reissue the **David McWilliams** hit "Days Of Pearly Spencer", coupled with its double A-side "The Lights Of Syrian", tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day and label is "You Light My Fire", **Sheila B. Devotion's** follow-up to her recent hit "Singin' In The Rain".

● Following the release of Bruce Lee's fifth film "Game Of Death" and the reissue of his best-known movie "Enter The Dragon", Satril Records have put out a tribute single to him by the **J. K. D. Band.** Titled "Dragon Power" and overdubbed with effects from his films, it's available initially in 12-inch form.

● **Crystal Gayle's** new single "Talking In Your Sleep", out this week, is taken from her upcoming album "When I Dream". It's due for release in August by United Artists, who are lining up a massive campaign to promote it. And there are plans for Crystal to return to Britain for concerts in the autumn, probably November.

● **Chappells** in London's New Bond Street are holding their summer sale for the month of July. Offers include some LPs for 50p, and £1 off other current albums; a free tape with any four purchased; as much as £400 off the cost of some guitars; free folk guitars to certain purchasers; and reductions on keyboards and hi-fi equipment.

RECORD NEWS

Patti, Reed: EP specials

LOU REED

● Issued by Radar Records this weekend is the album **"La Dusseldorf"** by the German group of the same name. The trio, formed in 1974, follows in the tradition of Kraftwerk — and in fact one of the members, Klaus Dinger, was once a member of that band.

● With **The Hollies** "20 Greatest Hits" now on release, EMI plans no less than five more album issues by the group in August. There's "The Other Side Of The Hollies", a collection of their B-sides; a compilation, still untitled, of their best EP tracks; and three straight reissues of earlier albums.

● The new **Diana Ross** single "Lovin', Livin' And Givin'" is out this weekend. It's on the Motown label, even though the soundtrack album "Thank God It's Friday" — from which it is taken — is issued by Casablanca Records.

PATTI SMITH's follow-up to her hit single "Because The Night" is a 12-inch EP, issued by Arista on July 21 and costing 99p. The four tracks are "Privilege (Set Me Free)" from her "Easter" chart album; "Ask The Angels" from the "Radio Ethiopia" LP; "25th Floor", a live version of an "Easter" track, recorded in Paris; and a poem titled "Babelfield" from her soon-to-be-published book of poetry, recorded in Arista's London offices!

LOU REED's EP, issued by the same label on July 14, is a three-track 12-inch — but the main title is the full 12-minute version of the title song from his latest album "Street Hassle". The other two tracks, "Waiting For The Man" and "Venus In Furs", hark back to his days with Velvet Underground and have been specially leased from Polydor Records. This also sells at 99p.

● Tomorrow (Friday) Harvest issue a rockabilly EP comprising "Midgie" by **Jack Scott,** "Good Rockin' Tonight" by **Charlie Feathers,** "Party Doll" by **Buddy Knox** and "Ubangi Stomp" by **Warren Smith.**

● **No Dice,** just back from their six-week debut tour of the States where they played with Foghat and Rainbow, start work on their second album next month. They'll be using the Rolling Stones' mobile, and the producer is Rupert Holmes. Release is planned by EMI for early November, preceded in October by a new single.

● A & M Records have acquired British distribution of the soundtrack album "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band", starring **Peter Frampton** and the **Bee Gees.** And it's likely to be issued in the late summer, well in advance of the film premiere.

● **Bill Nelson** of Be-Bop Deluxe is playing on and co-producing the first album by **John Cooper Clarke,** currently being recorded in Manchester.

● **Lynda Kelly,** former lead singer with 5000 Volts, has signed a long-term deal with Phil Wainman's Utopia Records (distributed by Phonogram). She starts recording this month with a view to releasing a single in September.

● Power Exchange Records are making available a 12-inch version of the disco hit "You Turned My Whole World Around" by **Black Ivory.** It runs five minutes 20 seconds, which is 1½ minutes longer than the seven-inch version.

● **Dixie Dreggs,** the U.S. jazz-rock outfit who are supporting Sea Level at London Hammersmith Odeon on July 26, have their single "Take It Off The Top" issued by Capricorn on July 14. It's taken from their album "Free Fall".

● Greensleves Records, the label specialising in UK-based reggae bands, follow their recent signing of Reggae Regular by adding six-piece East London outfit **Cygnus** to their roster. And their 12-inch single "Babylon (You Got To Set Jah Children Free)" comes out this weekend.

● Sound On Sound is a new independent South London label whose first single comes out tomorrow (Friday). It is "Skateboarding In The U.K." by **The Rivals.**

● Soho Records have signed Northampton band **The Jets,** and on July 14 release their debut single comprising two of their own compositions "Rockabilly Baby"/ "James Dean". Upcoming shortly from the same label is "All The Time In The World" by **The Nipple Erectors.**

Rak collect Autographs

AUTOGRAPHS, the band formed by three departing members of The Stukas — Raggy Lewis, Chris Gent and Dave Spicer — together with Paul Tully (drums) and Jim Ward (lead guitar), have been signed by Rak Records. Their debut single, written by vocalist Gent and titled "While I'm Still Young", comes out on July 21. They'll be promoting it by way of a string of London gigs this month — see On The Road, page 32. Pictured above (from left to right) are Gent, Tully, Spicer, Lewis and Ward.

HALF-YEAR POINTS TABLES

Dury chases Abba, Mac

AT THE HALF-WAY stage in the NME Chart Points Tables for 1978, "Abba The Album" emerges as the top LP of the year so far, closely followed by Fleetwood Mac's perennial "Rumours". Ian Dury heads the new-wave contingent, with his "New Boots & Panties" at No.5 in the best-sellers list. Top Ten placings for the first six months of the year, together with points accrued, are:

1	Abba The Album	643
2	Rumours (Fleetwood Mac)	580
3	Out Of The Blue (ELO)	410
4	Saturday Night Fever (Soundtrack)	405
5	New Boots & Panties (Ian Dury)	361
6	20 Golden Greats (Nat 'King' Cole)	318
7	And Then There Were Three (Genesis)	306
8	The Kick Inside (Kate Bush)	303
9	Sound Of Bread	298
10	20 Golden Greats (Buddy Holly & Crickets)	295

In the Singles table, not surprisingly The Bee Gees are way out in front, with Darts as their closest contenders — and Blondie showing up well at No. 4. The Current Top Ten are:

1	Bee Gees	575
2	Darts	473
3	Wings	325
4	Blondie	318
5	Boney M	297
6	Kate Bush	287
7	Bob Marley & Wailers	266
8	Donna Summer	240
9	Gerry Rafferty	239
10	Rose Royce	237

● These tables are compiled by awarding points to entries in the Top Thirty lists published weekly by NME — 30 points for a No.1 placing, 29 points for a No.2, and so on down to one point for a No.30 position.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
BLUES FESTIVAL '78
BUDDY GUY
JUNIOR WELLS
KO KO TAYLOR
CHICAGO BLUES ALL-STARS
BIG VOICE ODUM • DAVID MYERS • ODIE PAYNE
HUBERT SUMLIM • JIMMY JOHNSON • EDDIE CLEARWATER
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
FRIDAY 21st JULY at 7·30
TICKETS £4·00, £3·50, £3·00, £2·50, (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

Big London exhibition

WHO'S WHO

THE WHO are the focal point of a major exhibition to be staged at London's Institute of Contemporary Arts in The Mall throughout the month of August. Titled "Who's Who", it revolves around the history of the band, but also reflects other aspects of their times. Among the many attractions planned for the event are:

- **The story of The Who with pictures, cuttings, their Gold Discs, video monitors screening continuous film clips of the band, a slide show, T-shirts, etc. Plus a stage set up with their equipment.**
- **The Who's road crew giving regular laser shows, and projecting holograms of the group. And well-known disc-jockeys, past and present, playing their records.**
- **London's Capitol Radio broadcasting shows from the exhibition.**
- **The Who themselves making frequent visits, and bringing along guests celebrities and personalities of the '60s.**
- **Carnaby Street designers displaying fashions which have spanned The Who's career, and top hairdressers re-creating the styles of the period. Plus pinball machines and other novelties.**

BLONDIE DROP IN

Blondie's DEBBIE HARRY on the other side of the camera — for a change!

BLONDIE return to Britain next month for the first time since their February tour — but they won't be gigging here. They're coming in specially for the August 14 opening of an exhibition of Blondie pictures, taken in New York during May by photographer Martyn Goddard. The show is at the Mirandy Galleries, 10 Glentworth Street, N.W.1, and it's open until August 25 — admission is free.

The group stop off in London en route for a European tour, so they won't have time to play any dates here. But it now seems likely that they'll be back to headline a string of dates later in the year, as opposed to their previous plan not to perform here until early 1979. Meanwhile they're currently completing their third album in New York.

LURKERS & SHAM FOR CORNWALL

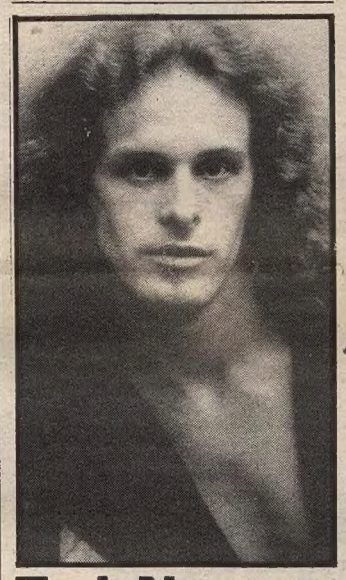
SHAM 69 and The Lurkers are among acts booked for a new venue opening this month at St. Austell in Cornwall. The 2,000-capacity New Cornish Riviera has installed a big stage, 600-amp lighting capability and a new advanced sound system, and the complex also includes restaurants, bars, swimming pool, boutiques and amusements.

Saturday shows so far booked for the holiday season feature Mungo Jerry (July 22), Goldie (29), The Lurkers (August 5), Jimmy James & The Vagabonds (12), Sham 69 (19) and Sassafras (26). Admission is £1.50 in advance, £1.75 on the night.

● There are plans for a new rock venue to open in London. The idea is to convert and up-date the old Carousel Ballroom in Camden Town, and launch it as the Electric Ballroom.

Frampton car crash

PETER FRAMPTON was seriously hurt at the weekend in the Bahamas, when the car he was driving crashed into a tree during a violent storm. He sustained a fractured arm, three broken ribs, three cracked ribs and a head wound in which 12 stitches were inserted. He was later transferred by private jet from Nassau Hospital to New York. Latest report is that he is "comfortable". Frampton was due to attend the world premiere of the film "Sgt. Pepper", in which he stars, on July 18.



Ted Nugent in January

TED NUGENT has postponed his proposed British tour in September, and instead he's now setting up a major European tour for January, including at least ten concerts in this country. Nugent has now replaced the two musicians in his band — Derek St. Holmes and Rob Grange — whom he claims to have fired, though they insist they left of their own accord. The newcomers are Charlie Huhen (guitar and vocals) and John Sauter (bass), both aged 26. Currently engaged in a major American tour, Nugent will have a new album released by Chrysalis in November.

LINDISFARNE ANSWER WAKES ACCUSATIONS

LINDISFARNE issued a statement this week, denying allegations that they are directly responsible for the cancellation of the July Wakes Festival. After they had pulled out of the show, the event was called off and — as reported last week — promoter Brian Adams said their withdrawal had been the deciding factor.

But the band's manager Barry McKay said the main reason for pulling out was the National Jazz Federation's withdrawal of their sponsorship of the festival. He added: "We would have been delighted to play if the festival had NJF backing, but without them we felt it would be as badly organised as in previous years".

And referring to Adam's suggesting that McKay had hustled him for money, he commented: "When a band plays a concert, they get paid — if they don't play, they don't get paid. I don't see where hustling comes into it."

NEWS BRIEFS

Koko debut

CLIFTON CHENIER & His Red Hot Louisiana Band will not now be appearing in the "Blues Festival '78" package, which plays a one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday, July 21. Chenier is a diabetic, and his condition has worsened recently, causing respiratory problems. He's been advised not to travel, and is now replaced on the bill by blues singer KoKo Taylor. She joins Buddy Guy & Junior Wells and the Chicago Blues All-Stars in the line-up.

GRAHAM PARKER & The Rumour have slotted in an extra last-minute gig next Wednesday (12) at Birmingham Barbarella's, where they'll be going on stage at 12.30am. This is in the nature of a warm-up for their two open-air appearances — in the Manchester Anti-Nazi Carnival (July 13) and the Bob Dylan concert at Blackbushe (15).

GEORGE HATCHER makes his London debut with his new band on Thursday, July 13, when he appears at Camden Dingwalls. He disbanded his last outfit, despite meeting with a fair degree of success, then moved to Birmingham — where he met another bunch of musicians and formed a brand new group.

ELO did not appear in ITV's "South Bank Show" last Saturday, as previously announced by London Weekend, who now admit they jumped the gun. They say it's likely the band will headline their own special later in the year. . . The same company's "London Weekend Show" this Sunday lunchtime (London area only) has an interview with DAVID BOWIE filmed backstage at Earls Court, plus footage of him in concert.

THE FORMER hit group of Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich — who had ten smash hit singles in the mid-60s, including a No.1 with "Legend Of Xanadu — have re-formed as a quartet. They are without Dave Dee, now a recording executive, whose name is omitted from their billing. Immediate bookings are at Fishguard Frenchman's Motel (this Saturday), Blackpool Imperial Hotel (Sunday) and Manchester Valentine's (July 14 and 15), with more being set.

THE ENID follow their London Rainbow concert last Saturday with three more gigs — at Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre (tomorrow, Friday), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (Saturday) and Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (July 13) — before going off the road to complete their third album. They plan a 24-venue concert and college tour in September to coincide with the LP's release.

LITTLE RIVER BAND set out from their native Australia on their third world tour, with temporary drummer Geoff Cox replacing regular member Derek Pellici, who was left at home recovering from burns over much of his body — including his hands. He sustained them after a portable barbeque exploded, as he was attempting to light it. The band's tour, supporting their new LP "Sleeper Catcher", will bring them to Britain later in the year.

RICH KIDS, MOTORS TOURING

THE RICH KIDS begin a new series of dates this month to promote their new EMI single "Marching Men", and they'll also be previewing tracks from their upcoming album, due for release later in the summer.

The band — whose left-to-right line-up in our picture comprises Steve New, ex-Slik frontman Midge Ure, former Pistol Glen Matlock (squatting) and Rusty Egan — are confirmed for the following dates:

Oldham Tower Club (July 13), Manchester New Century Hall (14), Liverpool Eric's (15), Doncaster Outlook (17), Leeds 'F' Club (18), Newport Stowaway Club (19), Bristol Granary (20), Retford Porterhouse (21) and Birmingham Barbarella's (22). Further gigs are at present being finalised and will be announced in a week or two.

THE MOTORS, currently hitting the high spots with their single "Airport", are set for a 12-date summer tour. The itinerary centres mainly on leading ballrooms, and gigs confirmed this week are Coventry Locarno (July 18), Birmingham Mayfair (19), Saltburn Philmore Disco (20), Newcastle Mayfair (21), Aberdeen Palace Theatre (22), Sheffield Top Rank (23), Exeter Routes (24), Penzance The Garden (25), Plymouth Woods Centre (26), Ryde I.o.W. Carousel (27) and Aylesbury Friars (29). A venue for July 28 has still to be finalised. The band's next single "Forget About You" is scheduled for July 29 release by Virgin.

Purple reunion plan

WIDESPREAD RUMOURS in rock circles this week suggest that a Deep Purple reunion, probably on a one-off basis, is being planned. It's believed that the ambitious project would involve former Purple members, as well as those who were in the line-up at the time of its disbandment two years ago. And the idea is that the show would also feature offshoot bands, currently being fronted by ex-Purple personnel.

The plan seems to have originated in Japan, which was probably Purple's most successful market. But it isn't yet clear, assuming it materialises, exactly when and where the reunion would take place — or indeed, if there would be more than one show in different countries.

A spokesman for EMI International, who distribute Purple Records, commented: "We've heard the buzz as well, and it's possible there may be something happening, but we can't confirm anything at this stage."

Purple's line-up at the time of the split was Jon Lord (keyboards), David Coverdale (vocals), Tommy Bolin (guitar), Glen Hughes (bass and vocals) and Ian Paice (drums). And among bands now being fronted by former Purple men are Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow, David Coverdale's White Snake and the Ian Gillian Band.

'Capital Radio overtakes BBC'

CAPITAL RADIO claims that it has now overtaken BBC Radio One in popularity among London listeners. According to an independent survey carried out by Research Surveys of Great Britain, Capital now has a 26 per cent share of the total London listening hours, compared with Radio One's 22 per cent.

RUSSIANS CANCEL BEACH BOYS GIG

THE BIG open-air concert starring The Beach Boys, Santana and Joan Baez — which was to have been staged in Leningrad on Tuesday of this week — was cancelled by the Russians at short notice. The project had been set up by top U.S. promoter Bill Graham for inclusion in an Anglo-Soviet film production titled "Carnival", based on the idea that music is the universal language of mankind.

Besides the artists, film producer Dimitri de Grunwald and over 100 film and concert technicians were about to leave for Russia, as well as a fleet of trucks carrying all the equipment. He was suddenly asked to fly alone to Moscow to be given the news of the cancellation.

It means a considerable financial loss for de Grunwald's company, and a great disappointment for the estimated 200,000 young Russians who would have attended the Leningrad concert. A spokesman said that "no acceptable reason" was given for the cancellation.

However, in a surprise development at the weekend, the Russians insisted that they had not cancelled the show — merely postponed it. They say they rejected the film script as unsuitable, but would be happy to welcome the artists and re-arrange the concert at any time, once a revised script is approved.

ARS peeved

ATLANTIC Rhythm Section are very concerned about the adverse publicity they have received, following their non-appearance at the rock festival near Frankfurt in Germany, were rioting led to the venue being damaged by fire. Jefferson Starship cancelled out of the concert due to Grace Slick's illness, and it was primarily this which provoked the violence.

But it's been widely reported that the ARS also cancelled, whereas they insist they were never booked for the show. A spokesman for the band told NME: "They were approached, but never agreed to do it, and no contract was signed. Yet the promoter went ahead and advertised them — so that, after the event, they were slagged from all sides. They're now going to sue him."

ZONES ON TOUR

With Magazine

Saturday, 1st July	-	BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas
Sunday, 2nd July	-	REDCAR, Coatham Bowl
Monday, 3rd July	-	EDINBURGH, Tiffanys
Wednesday, 5th July	-	BRADFORD, St. George's Hall
Thursday, 6th July	-	COVENTRY, Locarno
Friday, 7th July	-	MANCHESTER, Russell's Club
Saturday, 8th July	-	LIVERPOOL, Eric's
Sunday, 9th July	-	SHEFFIELD, Top Rank
Monday, 10th July	-	DONCASTER, Outlook Club
Wednesday, 12th July	-	TORQUAY, Town Hall
Thursday, 13th July	-	PLYMOUTH, Metro
Friday, 14th July	-	BRISTOL, Colston Hall
Saturday, 15th July	-	AYLESBURY, Friars Maxwell Hall
Sunday, 16th July	-	CANTERBURY, Odeon

Watch out for their brand new single

Sign Of The Times

ARISTA

LA DÜSSELDORF LA DÜSSELDORF RÄD 7. MUSIC FROM THE NATION.

LA DÜSSELDORF LA DÜSSELDORF RAD 7. MUSIC FROM THE NATION.

air

earth

BY THE RIVERS (well...sands, beaches, coves, quays and bays) OF BABBACOMBE

Pix: PENNIE SMITH

The faces that launched a thousand disco riffs: L to r. Marcia, Maizie, Liz, Bobby.

Sunny Seaside Special with BONEY M

PENNY REEL sends a postcard

TORBAY OR NOT Torbay — that is the question!

I am standing at the barrier of Platform 2, Paddington, one chilly Saturday morning expressing Brandoesque mutterance of this sentiment whilst scoring the station for one whom answers to the description of a WEA liaison officer named Don Stone and/or a quartet of high-stepping black pop stars, three women and one man, called Boney M; observing the hypocrites mingle with the good people we meet.

It is 10.25 am and the Westbound train leaves for Zion in five minutes. I am due to travel with it; assigned to cover the Boney M Seaside Special in Torquay for the greater witness of how, exactly, the darlings of Euro-disco are able to sing King Alpha song in a strange land without their tongues cleaving to the roofs of their respective mouths.

Now the truth is, I am a guy such as does not have anything particular on at this present time, nor at any other time during the past decade or so, as best as I can remember, and the idea of spending a weekend amongst the spoils of Paignton, in the company of the Brothers Warner's fastest-selling singles group of all time is, I confess, of most attractive prospect at this period in my existence.

Sunny — yesterday my life was filled with rain; the lyric chants itself over and over again in my head, as I approach likely-looking strangers now boarding the Inter-City express and ask whether or not they might be the very elusive Mr. Stone of WEA.

A porter is on the point of closing the barrier, imminent to the train's departure, when I finally reach a decision. Due to a successful series of transactions with Ladbrokes on the Royal Ascot and Ayr meetings the previous day, I am with sufficient *kyle* to secure a train ticket and even maintain myself in a Torbay boarding-house, if need by, while I search out the group.

Boney M cannot be too difficult to find in the town; and their record company can always be persuaded to meet my expenses later on. As the 10.30 pulls out towards Berkshire, I settle in a first-class compartment *(Awoah! — Ed)* and await the ticket-collector.

THREE HOURS later, or a little less, I am at the reception-desk of the New Grand Hotel, opposite from Torquay Station, where I learn to my relief that the Boney M entourage checked in a few moments earlier.

"Are you Mr. Reel? We have your reservation. Mr. Stone is over there by the luggage."

I introduce myself. I am introduced, in turn, to the trio of Boneys as presently dominate all activity in the hotel lobby.

Marcia Regna Barrett is a tall, striking and statuesque beauty who smiles at me from dark, feline eyes and wears her long locks plaited with multifarious display of beads. A Libran, with her thirtieth birthday this year, Marcia was born in St. Catherine, Jamaica, and educated at Parkside Secondary, Brixton, and rejoices in the sobriquet of "Mother Miserable." She has been quoted as saying that, if not herself, she would enjoy being Marilyn Monroe, and has expressed a desire to blind-date Prince Charles.

Her companion, Maizie Williams, is a shorter but no less attractive lady who wears a somewhat haughty demeanour upon short acquaintance and who, like her close friend Marcia, also dresses her hair in becoming beaded plaits. Maizie originates from the island of Montserrat in the Caribbean, where she was born under the sign Aries in 1951, before completing her education in Birmingham. The Germans have nicknamed her "Schpitz", which means "pointed" in their language.

Robert Alfonso Farrell — better-known as Bobby — is the group's second Libran and he provides its sole male balance. Born in Aruba, he presently lives in Hanover and is something of a linguist, speaking Spanish, English, Dutch, Germany and Papien with equal fluency. Bobby is also BM's most easy-going and engaging member.

Also in attendance: Marcia's eleven-year-old son, Wayne, as well as her beau, a West German journalist named Eric, plus the group's ubiquitous personal assistant, Carl, another Jamaican.

Having arranged with Don Stone to meet in the lobby in ten minutes' time, from whence we would repair to the Seaside Special marquee for rehearsal of the evening's show, I am shown to my room. On the way back down, I am joined in the lift by Liz Mitchell, the Boney's remaining quarter.

"How does it feel?" I throw this opening shot, adopting my best Dylan intonation for its delivery.

"What?" returns Liz, flashing an ingenuous glance.

"To be here," I say. "By the rivers of Babbacombe."

My repartee is rewarded with a dazzling smile.

Don introduces us as we depart from the lift together. "This is Penny Reel," he explains, "the journalist who's come to cover the Seaside Special for *New Musical Express.*"

"Cho! You the guy we are supposed to meet at Paddington?" She looks at Don. "This reporter, bwoy him hardee man, you know," she says; "see how him a knot up the dread. Nah pop no style, a strictly roots," finishing with a chorus of Althia & Donna's hit.

She turns back to me. "I hope you're going to be positive," we fix each other with a level eye-to-eye stare and Liz explodes into a fit of giggles.

I assure her I am. I decide I have fallen in love with this girl. I decide to let it happen and enjoy it, *rass!*

Elizabeth Rebecca Mitchell, born Clarendon, JA under the sign of Cancer in 1952 is both Boney M's youngest member and also its lead-singer of five successive *NME* chart hits: "Daddy Cool", "Sunny", "Ma Baker", "Belfast" and "Rivers Of Babylon", as well as featured vocalist on their two Atlantic albums, "Take The Heat Off Me" and "Love For Sale".

Educated at Chamberlain Road school in Kensal Rise, she had been living with her parents, three brothers and two sisters in Harlesden before joining the German production of *Hair*, prior to having been chosen by Boney M producer Frank Farian to lead his Hansa disco machine.

She cites Lobsang Rampa as her favourite writer; Bob Marley, Marvin Gaye and Candi Staton her favourite singers; "No Woman No Cry", "Rivers Of Babylon", "Daddy's Home" and The Heptones' "Equal Rights" as her favourite songs; and West Indian her favourite food. Her religion is New Testament Church of God, although she also points to the Ras Tafarian reality as being a *positive* — her favourite word! — faith.

OUR NINE-STRONG party leaves the hotel and, to the accompanying stares and Three Degrees conjecture of passing holidaymakers, cross The King's Drive to Torre Abbey Meadows on the Torquay seafront, where a huge marquee tent announces the presence of a BBC Seaside Special.

The enclosure is thronged with various dancers from Geoff Richer's First Edition, assorted Smokies, Showaddywaddys, friends of Sacha Distel and other Blockheads, including Cosmo Vinyl and Ian Dury — described as a "punk" by Bobby Farrell — and make our way to the Boney M trailer, where we are summarily joined by ravishing, red-headed Austro-Hungarian aristocrat Penny Maclean, lead-siren with Boney M's main rival Deutsch disco outfit, Silver Convention.

There follows much hanging about between acts, and fairly soon the small trailer is becoming a wee heady with the spice of preening, perfumed femininity, such as this man's sensibilities finds especially seductive; but since the ensuing conversation never resolves itself upon matters sexual, I grow slightly bored and wander out and into the adjoining marquee where yet a further trio of black, Jamaican disco-chanteusesses, Black Gold, are discussing the finer details of their stage entrance and general dance routine with the BBC producer for tonight's filming of their TV debut.

Meanwhile, Monsieur Distel is flashing sundry charm in his own inimitable manner, in front of such friends, camera technicians and idle onlookers as may be present, and for their benefit.

Ian Dury and The Blockheads are next. They appear in full stage dress, sporting red, gold and green clothes pegs, bequeathed by Matumbi during the two groups' recent tour of the UK together, and run through a couple of takes of "What A Waste", eagerly attended by an audience of First Edition dancers taking a tea break.

Boney M need little instruction as the group pace the length of a "Daddy Cool"/"Sunny"/"Belfast" medley, followed by a full-length rendition of "Ma Baker", and in less than a quarter of an hour our quartet are finished for the afternoon, with the ladies collecting their fur wraps from clothes hanger Don Stone.

WE MAKE OUR way back to the New Grand for tea, scones, cheese and the best *raas* clotted cream any of us have ever tasted. Maizie pulls her fox from her shoulders and declares:

"Bwoy, but it nice to be back in England with all their *quaint* customs. Really," she puts. "high tea in the afternoon. Simply *purrfect.*"

We all fall about giggling at this typical Ms. Williams commentary. Liz, taking hold of my hand, remarks through a mouthful of jam and pastry: "Did you ever *nyam* such beautiful food, Rasta? Hey, man, it's great to be home." She starts to stroke my leg and I begin to dissolve into the clotted cream.

Don Stone asks if we should make plans to arrange a taped interview between the group and myself, but I demur at the prospect of introducing cassette recorders into our cosy little tea party and insist there will be material sufficient for a feature without. A good and serious thing, because right now Marcia is understudying the dormouse in *Alice* and gradually falling asleep on her consort Eric's shoulder.

"The brother cool," chimes in the normally silent Carl. "He jus' groove in with the vibe, Don man, and him easy. That's the same way I would write an article."

And having thus pronounced this, for Carl, abnormally lengthy speech, he disengaged himself from our company and made his passage towards the television room to watch Brazil play Italy in the World Cup. The rest of the company

● Continues page 9

DEAD FINGERS TALK

We told you they're good. Now the press say they're great.

"At the moment they're a really good band. Maybe they could be great. Definitley worth seeing, especially by anyone who's about to form a band who imagines that a safety pin through the ear automatically means great rock'n'roll — this band will make you think again, cause their potential is remarkable even though none of them would attract a second glance from a ted in the street. Stop, look, and listen. —"
Sandy Robertson, SOUNDS

"From the moment they hit the stage everything about them is tight, unified and confident."
Paul Rambali, NME

"The music is like punk pre-new wave, e.g. like Lou Reed, New York Dolls etc. They have got one song which is a stone cold killer, half spoken and bitterly satirical, "Harry"".
RIPPED AND TORN

"The mainstay of my sanity was the superb set performed by Dead Fingers Talk."
Kelly Pike, RECORD MIRROR

"How many bands on the scene today can actually play their guitars, can sing and can give you a really good night out? In my opinion, about two. Dead Fingers Talk is one of them."
Vicky Pelmore.

"They're one of the most dynamic rock bands I've seen this year the musical equivalent of a highly-trained commando unit."
Chris Brazier, MELODY MAKER

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MO' BONEY

● *From previous page*

gradually made their way to their respective beds, and I found myself alone.

I spent the afternoon on Corbyn's Beach in conclusion of a Josephine Tey novel, after which I took a leisurely walk around town and picked up a second-hand copy of Raymond Chandler's *Letters*. I then proceeded to Torre Abbey Meadows for the big show.

The evening performance was merely a repeat of the afternoon show, with the additional hindrance of a live audience applauding on cue, and then Sacha Distel issued two introductions — one in English and one in French — hence:

Sacha: "Ladies and gentlemen, next week your hosts will be my very good friends — BONEY M!"

On camera. Enter the group. Applause. Exit the group. Applause. Re-enter the group. Applause in French.

Boney M (in unison): "Hi!"

Sacha: "Now, you're going to have to decide how you're going to do this host business. It could be difficult with four of you."

Liz: "I think we'll split it up. We'll get in some practice and then . . ."

Marcia: "We'll".

Bobby: "Split".

Maizie: "It".

Liz: "Up".

Sacha: "That's going to need *a lot* of practice."

Maizie: "All right, we'll tell you who our guests are."

Bobby: "Matia Bazar".

Marcia: "Geoff Richer's First Edition".

Liz: "Roy Walker".

Maizie: "Peter Hudson".

Bobby: "The Cherokees".

Marcia: "Ian Dury, and those stars of the flying trapeze . . ."

Liz: "Clive Webb".

Maizie: "Plastic Bertrand".

Bobby: "And Joe Dassin".

Sacha: "And, of course, all of you too . . . Boney M."

Applause. Rpt in French. Finis.

AT DINNER that night we are joined at the table by Ms. Maclean — who is leaving for Germany the following morning — plus M. Sacha Distel and the inevitable friends of same.

I dine off a dish of fresh trout *au gratin*, while the ever endearing Don Stone feeds me tidbits of information, such as the fact Frank Farian spends eight days in the studio masterminding the opening refrain of "Rivers Of Babylon", and that Boney M have so far reached worldwide sales in excess of forty millions during the group's brief but illustrious career.

I go to bed with J. B. Priestley and fall quickly asleep beneath the weight of his ponderous prose. I dream that Boney M are chasing me down Hanway Street W.1 in extended exposition of the "Daddy Cool" chorus, and I run into Contempo record shop for refuge, only to find it no longer exists. Don Stone stands in the former doorway, and he tells me that its erstwhile owner has married Black Gold and decamped to Devon. Suddenly, I am aware of a mouse in the room which is jumping over me, only to immmediately resolve itself into the voice of Sacha Distel saying: "You guessed it all along, Monsieur Reel, WEA are the Thought Police and we'll . . . split . . . you . . . up . . ."

I awake in a sweat and instantly recall the trout *au gratin* followed by the cherry and clotted cream trifle I had enjoyed as a nightcap.

Spend one night in a Babbacome Bay, and you'll see what I see.

The next time I regain consciousness there is an alarm call ringing in my ear and I'm chanting "Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay . . ."

(It is morning, man, on a next day, and I am stumbling around my hotel bedroom repeating over and over again):

"Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay . . ."

(Repetition of the mantra *Torquay* clears out my subconscious, man, gets rid of all excess John Travolta and Marshall Hain hooks cluttering up my mind, and leaves me free to dwell on the musical accomplishment of Boney M in its purest refrain. It is positively desirable to chant a silent grounation such as this at least once a month and today is Torquay-day):

"Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay Torquay . . ."

Today my hosts will be required to return to the marquee and perform "Rivers Of Babylon", "Brown Girl In The Ring" and "Ma Baker" to their respective backing tracks — laid in Germany by Frank Farian — for the Saturday night Seaside Special viewers. How wonderful, man.

The group have all caught colds in England, and these are being further aggravated by lengthy waiting between sets in barely warm stage costume. Furthermore, Maizie is troubled by a liver infection that requires she abstain from alcohol, but not from the gruesome medicine her doctor insists she take.

Between whiles, I spend my hours on Torre Abbey Sands in idle perusal of Chandler's tedious, egotistical epistles to his publishers, otherwise, in exchange of reggae/ganga/show-biz/Harlesden and yard cooking reminiscences with Liz and Roberto I, twixt the group's rehearsal and show stints. Both Maizie and Marcia are out to lunch; the former with her liver, the latter pining for embraces such as Eric — who left for Germany with Wayne yesterday — and Eric alone, is capable of administering.

Tonight, we rub shoulders with stars like Udo Jurgens, Little And Large, Marti Caine, Ken Collier, Brotherhood of Man and Paul Nicholas. How positively fantastic, man.

FOR I, THIS is a novelty experience, a weekend of relaxation by the sea, with only the departure to dread. For Boney M, it is part of a busy and unceasing schedule that dictates their lives and keeps them apart from their loved ones the great majority of the time. By all accounts, Frank Farian in his role of genius, and Hansa Record Company of Germany reap all, or all but all, of the financial rewards. And yet, they tell me, none of them would exchange their profession for another.

This has been a long postcard. To conclude: weather topping, grub spiffing, herb spliffing, joint jumpin', tra lala lala. Wish you were here . . .

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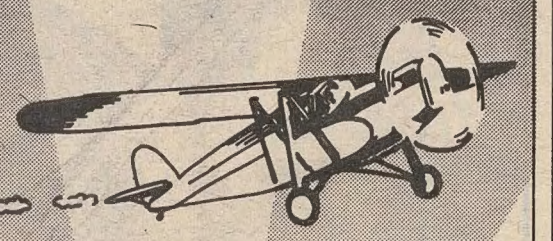

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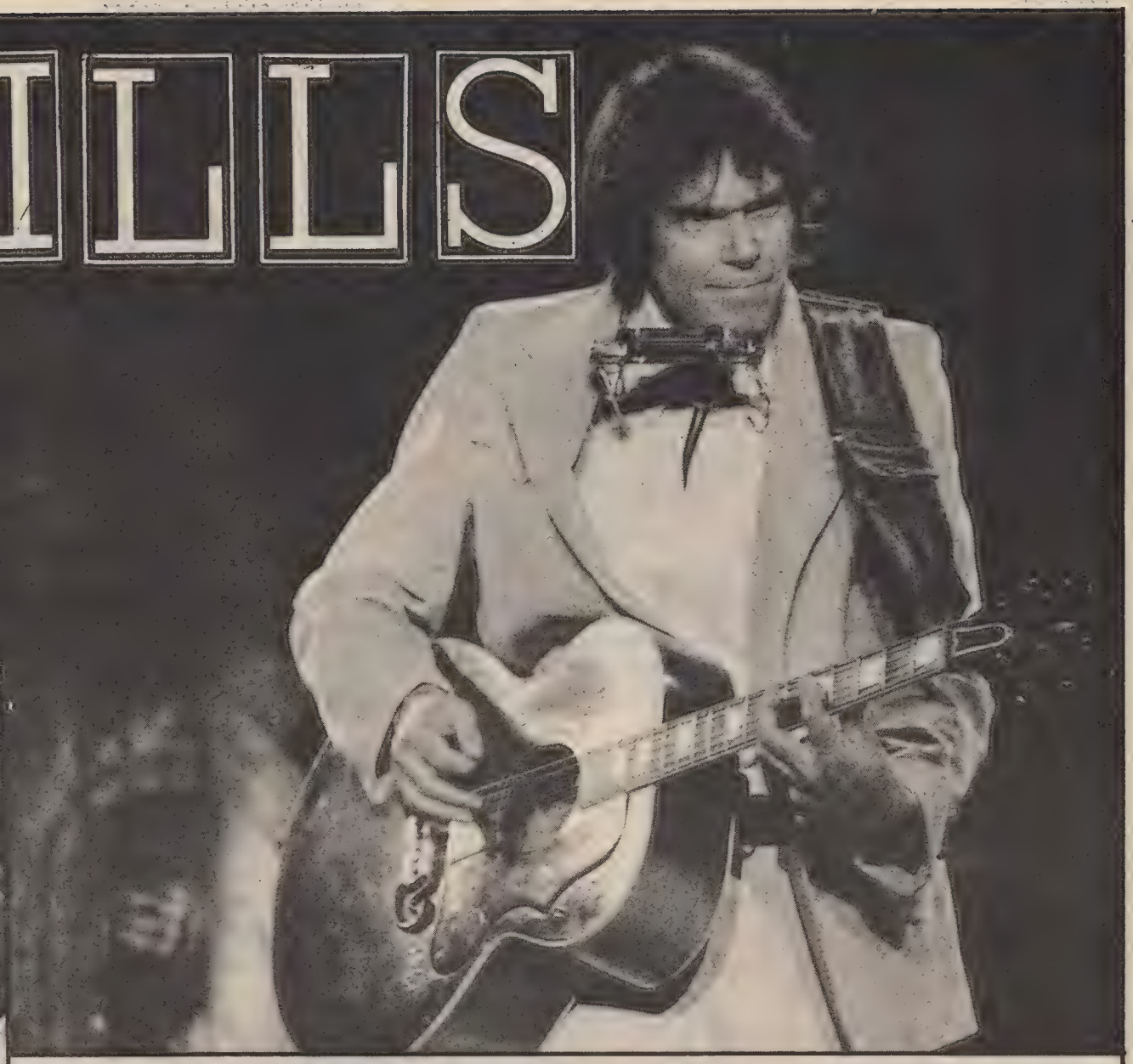

ABOVE: FREUD (left) and JUNG (broken neck) sock it to the HOMOS at San Francisco's Boarding House.

LEFT: The JOCKOS, disguised as U.S. cavalry twills, camp it up for Mr Jung — "Evolution is on the run in 1984. . ." Thank God Tony Parsons sorts out DEVO on the centre pages. Pix by CHESTER SIMPSON.

JOCKO HOMO, FREUD AND JUNG

"PLAY SOMETHING for Dylan's birthday," a spectator called.

"Big D's birthday, huh," Neil Young considered with a grin, "Now, *Renaldo And Clara,* I like that kind of movie."

Having suffered through the opus, I can't imagine that bodes well for Young's own cinematic projects. It was rolling cameras, though, that accompanied the elusive troubador on some rare public appearances. In one startling week he went back to his roots and shot the new wave.

Crosby, Stills and Nash were nowhere in sight and, by the week's end, Young would be sharing a ratty club stage with Devo. However, that comes later. Out story begins at a respectable San Francisco folk club, at 8pm on the night of Bob Dylan's 37th birthday.

"Seventy-five bucks to see that shaved orangutan?" howled a passerby. "That's right," answered a scalper, and by all appearances he was getting it.

After all, it was big stars playing small bars, and you might have taken it for The Rolling Stones at the El Mocambo judging by the buzz the crowd had on. In fact, Neil Young had scheduled eight performances at the 300 seat Boarding House — his only West Coast appearances of the season. They would coincide with the release of his new LP, "Comes a Time". The $7.50 tickets were snapped up in hours.

Neil Young has a reputation as an erratic performer and a hard man to catch.

In an effort to escape the madness of stadium-scale gigs, he did a tour of California bars with Crazy Horse in 1975. He aborted the Stills/Young tour of '76. Last summer and fall found him, again by rumour, playing juke joints unannounced with a local Santa Cruz outfit.

The last time I'd seen him had been his looney stint at The Band's *Last Waltz,* at a time when fearful reports were stumbling around about the state of his health and sanity.

At 8.55 Young shambled out in tan slacks, white sports coat, and a string-tie with tooled Indian clasp. His hair was short and tousled. He looked haggard but healthy.

Harmonica rack secured, he strapped on a guitar and launched into a rumbustuous new tune about the destruction of the Indians: It climaxed with his fantasy of a teepee-side campfire with *"Marlon Brando, Pochahantes and me"* — lampooning his own romantic self-identification with the slaughtered Native Americans.

Loping about the stage, then crouching with his head cocked, one eyebrow raised scepticaly, his eyes burning over an ingratiating grin, he disarmed the crowd. In his Sunday best, he looked like a con-man out of Tom Sawyer; ill-equipped to conceal a reckless scheme.

During his hour and 15 minute set Young played 15 tunes. Only four were familiar oldies, and fully eight had been written *since* the recording of his latest album. He followed "Pocahantes" with the three numbers that appear on "Comes A Time". He ran a tasteful take of the road weary "Human Highway", then turned to a yearning song of reconciliation for ex-wife Carrie Snodgrass.

He followed with the LP's title cut and stand-out ballad. . . then some new tunes — between which he bantered with the crowd torn between adoration and rowdiness. Some bozo yelled, "Steven Stills!" "I am Steven Stills," Young announced grinning, "now enough of that.

There was a lovely ballad and a great ragged harp solo.

Young closed the set with "Sugar Mountain" (written 14 years back, when he was 19). I've always found it twee and insipid, but he performed it with such gentle aching resignation that the closing line. *"though you're thinking that you're leaving there too soon,"* took on a sad new life.

It is heartening to note, though, that the two most memorable numbers Young unveiled still await recording. "The Thrasher," a long passionate narrative, seems to look back on past excesses and make a peace with those who fell by the wayside. It may rank as both Young's "Before The Deluge" and his "Tangled Up In Blue."

The other number which, had the crowd hooting with glee and Young nearly reeling from the stage edge, demanded *"My, my, hey, hey-rockn' roll is here to stay. It's better to burn out than to fade away. . . Out of the blue and into the clouds, once you're gone you can't come back. He is gone but not forgotten. This is the story of Johnny Rotten. Out of the blue and into the sky, there's more to the future than meets the eye."*

This was Young's hilarious tribute to punk nihilism, from one who has been there; an ironic self-impersonation as edge-city rocker that suggests Young certainly isn't just pining away at his ranch, a radio shy recluse playing a crusty mandolin. The bizarre cultural miscarriage of Neil Young cavorting with the new wave carried on as Young rented the local punk palace, Mabuhay Gardens, and flew in Devo, Akron's stunning, and to my knowledge only, worthy artistic export.

A private show was arranged, with Neil slated to be filmed with the band. Devo's fascination with de-evolution, or genetic regression, led to some tasteless conjectures about Neil's advanced progress back towards the simian.

Young's intention, it turned out, was not to perform with Devo, but to use them as a counterpoint in his current film project, *Human Highway.*

Lead guitarist Mark Devo explains: "Dean Stockwell, who is directing the film, brought Neil to see us. We were so alien that he liked it. It's like suburban pinheads versus Mr Natural, or fast foods versus granola. The juxtaposition is so patently ludicrous and incongruous that it *is* Devo".

After wowing the crowd, lip-synching some numbers from their upcoming LP like seasoned pros, Devo lounged on stage in their all black Value Mart gaucho outfits. Jerry Devo croaked an impeccable parody of "After The Goldrush,": *"I was sittin in a burning basement when*

● *Continues page 14.*

"It's a macrobiotic guitar. That's a stone-ground, whole wheat body with edible raffia strings, natural fibre neck and dried raisin machine heads."

A Greenpeace Zodiac 'confronts' a Russian whaler. *Pic by REX WEYLER*

SHOCK TACTICS ON THE FRONT LINE

'It is almost like fate or destiny or magic to be involved. Once whales are in your head you can't get them out. When you become afflicted with the need to do something about saving them you can't do anything else.'

Message on the Greenpeace wall.

IN CHICAGO, on the first of May this year, 25-year-old Joe Healey braved freezing temperatures and 40 mph winds to climb to the nineteenth floor of the 110-storey Sears Tower — the world's tallest building — to hang out a banner, painted with slogans in Russian and Japanese, condemning the killing of the whales.

It was three hours before he came down but only a matter of minutes before the police arrested him and charged Healey with disorderly conduct.

When asked why he did it, he told the press: "I did not have anything else to do today."

PAUL SPONG is sitting in a pub in Whitehall, talking on tape, chain-smoking with one hand and twirling a yellow rose constantly in the fingers of the other, occasionally raising it to his face and burying his nose inside. His weatherbeaten face and thick jumpers give him the air of a guy who has spent a lot of time on the ocean.

Before joining forces with Greenpeace, Paul was involved in trying to communicate with whales in captivity, and one day he discovered the key: "I started trying sound as a reward and found that in fact the whales would do almost anything to receive sound and I started producing pure tone signals.

"I got into bells, crystal goblets, and the whales' capacity and interest in these sounds was quite incredible. I might hold a couple of crystal goblets under the water and gently touch them together with a marvellous ringing sound and the whale would come and sit with the very tip of his forehead almost touching.

"Or I would play a recording of a tone through a pair of earphones and the whale would come up and nestle the very tip of its head up against the cushion of the earphones and just sit there very still listening to it.

"Of course music turned out to be fantastically rewarding. I've got a vivid memory of what happened the first time I played Beethoven's Violin Concerto to the whales.

"I turned on the tone and the whale started to back out the corner of the pool. Then I turned on the record and the whale proceeded to arch its body, so that it's head was out of the water on one side — the flukes of its tail on

The Sovetskaya Rossiya returns to Vladivostok with its precious kill. Pic by NOVOSTI PRESS AGENCY.

the other side — and to spray fountains of water out of its mouth. Tsssssshh . . . Tsssssshh . . . in time to the music.

"At the same time the pectoral flippers were beating, slapping — boom, boom — on the surface of the water, just perfectly in time to the music, while the flukes were waving gracefully backwards and forwards in the air.

"It was amazing — literally a dance."

From this experience, Paul spoke with Rob Hunter of the Greenpeace Foundation to work out how the direct action tactics Greenpeace had used — sailing into the U.S. and French nuclear test zones — could help the whales.

"It took us almost two years from the time that we first thought of it to the time of fulfillment in 1975, when we put a boat out which confronted the Russian whaling fleet off the Californian coast.

"We went out on Zodiacs — rubber inflatables about 15 feet long — which, with a reasonable outboard motor on board, can go about 30 knots and easily outpace the whalers.

They developed tactics like Operation Asshole. Steering a Zodiac around the factory ship, they jammed it in the entrance to the slipway so no whales could be hauled up on deck. The whaling crew responded by drenching the boat and crew with gallons of whale blood.

Later confrontations proved hazardous. "Several times they fired harpoons that have gone over the heads of the crew. They missed, but there's another problem apart from the harpoon and that's the cable attached to it. It's travelling really fast and slaps down in the water.

"If it actually makes contact with you, there wouldn't be any tomorrow."

Greenpeace's strategy is simple, as Paul explains: "The harpoonists are following a whale and we're trying to put our bodies in the way of the harpoon.

"It's just people acting as shields for the whales."

Alan Thornton is one of those human shields, a tall, aquiline Canadian from the small town of Windsor just over the border from Detroit. Arriving in England to represent the seal campaign, he soon found himself on the decks of the *Rainbow Warrior* in the North Atlantic, harassing the Icelandic whaling fleet in their hunt for fin whales.

Campaigning against whalers from behind an office desk is one thing but being out there on the ocean is another as Alan soon found out. The day after his return from Iceland he described the first confrontation:

"We came across a Number 9 catcher, the largest of the four Icelandic ships, towing a whale it had already killed, and chasing two more. This was about 8 o'clock in the morning.

"At that point the seas were moderately heavy, an eight or ten foot swell, and he was going right into the wind, making it really bad putting boats out. We were flying right out of the water and coming down very hard. It was just like running into a brick wall sometimes.

"That day we finally got in front of the harpoons. It was towards the end of a chase aimed at wearing the whales down and we could see the two fin whales breaking right in front of us about 30 yds away.

"The captain came running down the little walkway they have from the bridge to the harpoon . . . He was tensing and we really thought he was going to fire.

"I was really scared. It was a really tense situation. I'd never quite appreciated before."

Direct action may be the most dramatic, but it certainly isn't the only way to fight the whale war. As Paul Spong is quick to point out: "Greenpeace isn't alone. There are dozens, even hundreds, of anti-whaling groups which work from small local levels to international stuff.

"It's quite fantastic as you realise the amount of energy that's being put by *people* into trying to save the whales. Of course, there's disagreement in some respects about details but everyone has got the same objective — let's save the whales right now, because tomorrow is too late."

NME's response from anti-whaling groups around the world confirms this, and indicates the spread of the movement.

Project Jonah in Australia, represented at the conference by the irrepressible Joy Lee — she could out-talk any hapless whaler — have caused serious problems for the country's only whaling company — Cheyne Beach Holdings — exposing the fact that far from helping Australia's economy, the company is merely enriching the three families who own it.

From America came massive bulletins from the *Animal Welfare Institute,* organisers of a nationally organised boycott of Russian and Japanese goods, illustrations from Tony Mallin, one-time producer of *Chicago Creature News;* photos from General Whale, producers of a wide range of educational material ranging from charts to monster fibreglass whale models which tour the country by helicopter.

In Britain, Friends of the Earth are attempting to bring the message of the dying whales back home, acting as an information source and political pressure group. Although Britain is no longer an active whaling nation, we still help to keep the industry alive by importing a large amount of whale products every year.

In 1977 alone, 6,500 tonnes of sperm oil was brought into this country — the equivalent of 1,200 whales, a quarter of the total world catch. We must cut this supply line immediately, if our protest is going to have any real credibility or meaning.

As FOE lists show, hundreds of products and processes use whale derivatives; in all cases they can be replaced by synthetic or vegetable products. The USA banned all whale imports in 1971 with no noticeable economic effects. We must do the same.

For instance, the sole refiner of sperm oil in Britain is Highgate and Job of Paisley and Liverpool. Banning them from importing the oil would have a serious economic effect on Australia and other whaling nations. It would also signal and politicians' willingness to *really* do something.

Similarly, *The Leather Institute* should be persuaded to drop their hard-line stance and encouraged to develop substitutes for the use of sperm oil to soften leather.

Investigations should be made into the fact that FOE have received letters and calls from workers in margarine factories, claiming that unmarked drums of what they believe to be whale oil, are still being poured into the vats — despite the fact that this is now illegal.

Fighting on the Front Line of the whale war can only get fiercer, as whalers and campaigners get more determined.

"Once you make a person understand what a whale is, even a little bit, suddenly it becomes crystal clear that what is going on is totally stupid," says Paul Spong.

"Once you understand that something you accepted completely previously, didn't even think about, is totally stupid, it opens up other avenues of perception.

"My hope, or course, is that humans are bright enough to figure it out . . . But there's a depressing aspcects to that. Do we have time to figure it out?"

Friends of the Earth write: "If, having killed all the whales, we find the world will not work without them after all, it will be too late. We cannot create whales."

Over to you.

DICK TRACY

Thanks to CORNELIA DURANT (FOE) and GREENPEACE

Additional research: FIONA FOULGER and VAL PARKIN

STOP PRESS

THE IWC charade is now over for another year — and once again they have protected their rear ends without making any real concessions. Quotas on most of the whales are down slightly but not enough to make any real difference.

As for the moratorium, that was to have been proposed at the meeting by the Panamanian commissioner. However, ECO — the Friends of the Earth newspaper — revealed that three weeks before the conference a Japanese trade delegation had visited Panama City and had threatened to cancel their planned £5 million purchase of 50,000 metric tons of Panamanian suger unless Panama withdrew the moratorium proposal, which Japan described as 'an unfriendly action'.

Japanese delegates at the IWC denied this heatedly but the fact remains that Panama withdrew their motion and the hope of moratorium once more disappeared.

The lame demonstrations on Monday outside the hotel where the IWC meet was being held were replaced by some direct action on Friday, the day the quotas were announced. The conference room was invaded by demonstrators and scuffles broke out when Richard Jones, of the Australian organisation CLEAN, emptied bottles of red ink over the Japanese delegates, shouting: "May the blood of the whales stain the head of Japan." He was quickly hustled out of the room by security guards and police.

It is even clearer now than ever before that the IWC, despite the mountains of evidence at their disposal, will continue killing whales until they are eventually extinct.

***Friends of the Earth* and many other groups will continue their fight at the IWC. Many others, however, disillusioned by the IWC's attitude, will be looking for other — perhaps more effective ways — to end the whale war.**

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

PAUL SPONG (Greenpeace)

I saw Zeppelin and heard the explosions

Sir — Having read the letter in the Echo about the Zeppelin raids I would like to say that I have a vivid memory of that night.

Arthur, my brother (now deceased), and myself were

OUR LETTER OF THE WEEK Wins £2

"Just as they launched into 'Fartbreaker'," assumes EGGY from darkest Stapleford.

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NEW SINGLE

LOVE YOU MORE

NOISE ANNOYS

OUT NOW
UP 36433

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

BIGGSWINDLE

Pic by JOE STEVENS

YET ANOTHER INSTALLMENT in the sordid aftermath of The Sex Pistols dropped into *Thrills'* hands this week.

Not content with the title change of the new 'Pistols' single, revealed exclusively by *NME* two weeks ago — incidentally "Cosh The Driver" is still the French title — a number of copies of the 12" pressing of "The Biggest Blow" contain an interview of Steve Jones and Paul Cook conducted by trainrobber and involuntary exile Ronald Biggs.

The interview, believed to come from the soundtrack of *The Great Rock'n'roll Swindle* movie, lasts about five minutes. There are believed to be about 1,500 copies of the interview single pressed, but Virgin Records pitifully deny all knowledge, not to say complicity, in the records.

Like the rest of the post Pistols' break-up scenario, this episode smacks of a certain desperation on the part of its perpetrators. And while, leaving aside its sicker aspects, the thought of Biggs coming back to haunt the Great British Public like this is fairly amusing, there is an undeniably sour taste of take-the-money-and-run about it all.

What follows is an abridged but uncensored version of the interview on the Pistols' single. It takes place in a noisy bar, presumably in or around Rio De Janiero, and the first words heard are boisterous calls for beer.

Jones: More beer or we don't even fuckin' start.
Cook: Three more beers or we don't even do this fuckin' film.
Biggs: Right. A few serious questions now, all joking aside . . . put that fuckin' thing down. Now where did punk rock begin?
Jones and Cook **(giggling incredulously):** *"What??"*
Biggs (mockingly): I've read all about your performances and I'm totally disgusted.
(More giggling from the pair).
Jones: You fuckin' liar.
Cook: We've heard all about you too.
Biggs: And I'm fuckin' disgusting also, I know. Alright, so we have something in common.
Jones: Yeah? What about the driver?
Biggs: What about the driver?
Jones: You tell us, what about the driver?
Biggs: Who's asking the fuckin' questions, me or you?
Cook: Where's all the lolly, what happened to all the lolly?
Biggs: Look, you be quiet and get your fuckin' teeth back in your mouth a bit and Mr Cook perhaps you'd be kind enough to answer.
Cook: It's the same sort of thing as you're doing; making a lot of money for fuck all.

Biggs explains, somewhat laconically, that he blew his stack from the robbery a long time ago, and doggedly continues his opening line of questioning.

Jones: We just thought we was a normal rock group. We was so bad that the press had to label us something, and they called us punk.
Cook: Punk means nasty and worthless.
Biggs: Punk means bad, that I understand. And were you that bad?

Jones belches loudly and Cook replies in the affirmative.

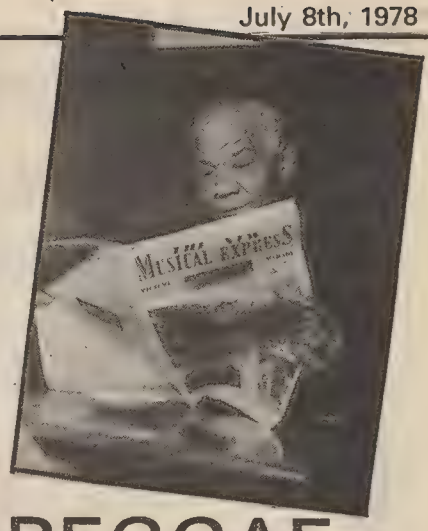
Biggs: Is that why you called that chap Johnny Rotten? I understand that's not his real name.
Cook: No he's bad too.
Biggs: You have another chap in your group called Mr. Vicious. How comes you have simple names?
Cook: Cos we're commoners.
Biggs: Why aren't you called 'sadist' or something like that?
Jones: Fuck that,I just like a good piss-up.
Biggs (sarcastically): You just like a good piss-up. Now would you tell me please, how you became famous overnight?
Jones: Cos we don't fuck about.
Cook: There was just Rod Stewart and all the boring old turds about. There was just nothing else happening.
Biggs: Who would you include in your list of boring old turds?
Jones and Cook in unison: Ronnie Biggs.
Biggs: No, I'm talking about musicians.
Cook: Oh . . . er . . . Rod Stewart, Rolling Stones, Led Zepelin, Elton John, Geordie . . .
Biggs: What about George Formby?
Jones: He's a toss pot as well.

More beer arrives and all three drink a toast to — what else? — the Queen.

***This* is the sort of thing that gives the Sex Pistols a bad name.**

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS



REGGAE FANZINE er, SHOCK

VIBRATIONS WORK. Though emanating from Camden town, *Pressure Drop,* formerly Britain's (if not the world's) only reggae fanzine, operates on Jamaican time. The next issue will always . . . *soon come.*

The protracted and compulsive wait for the third issue of *PD* to appear — for it is true that the magazine has only roared twice in its three year life — was relieved at the end of last year by the appearance of *Ital Rockers,* an enthusiastic step about the current scene from Edinburgh's Dougie Thompson.

Ital Rockers 2 has been on the 'zine shelves for a while now and is in danger of being taken for granted. Help shift a few more of this ish and you may live to see Issue Three. Much of the current ish is taken up with an ample retrospective of Marley & The Wailers since '73 and "Catch A Fire" — a trifle short on historical perspective but a sequel on the early years is promised. There's a feature on Black Slate, some by now rather dated reviews, tribute to Edinburgh's Ital Club, and an interesting look at the way reggae has influenced the pop charts in the '70s.

Help restore Scottish pride by voting Jock Stein at the next general election and sending 30p (including postage) to Dougie Thompson, 70 Milton Road West, Edinburgh EHI IQY.

Or from good fanzine shops everywhere, where you might also sight up *The best Of Rebel Music Volume I,* further panacea to relieve the pressure. Certainly this 'zine is a Phensic for clumsy dilettantes with cloth ears.

Rebel Music is a collection of features and discographical delights that first appeared in *Blues and Soul* magazine, written by Chris Lane and Dave Hendley. Contents include feature/interviews on well ranking — if less applauded — talents like The Abyssinians, Earl Zero, Big Youth, The Royals and Burning Spear (where Winston Rodney gives good interview).

The visuals are rootsy to match, with plenty of charts, labels, and a formidable Greg Isaacs pose on the back cover. Price is 35p or 45p including postage from Dave Hendley, 27 Hewitt Avenue, London N22.

Issue Three of *Pressure Drop* will, impresario Nick Kimberley informs I men, *soon come,* and in dreadest guise yet.

DOCTOR BIRD

THRILLS

NELL JUNG

● continued from page 11

a pinhead knocked on the door . . . evolution is on the run in 1984."

Mark Devo joked: "Look, if Neil doesn't show in five minutes we rip the club down. He probably took some bad acid. You know those hippies."

Young finally arrived and lurched through the madly pogoing crowd with a ukulele case held aloft, stumbling across the stage in mid-number. Afterwards he chatted with the locals, admiring the club, the energy, the scene.

Dean Stockwell, stalking about in a hard hat, said he hoped to finish shooting in seven weeks, and spend the summer editing the film with Neil.

Jerry Devo noted that the Eno-produced LP is due for imminent release.

"We have enough material for two albums already," he explained, 'and some stuff that is so advanced it will have to wait for a third. We're considering an all electronic LP, but we have to synch ourselves to public needs."

Future plans include a fan club and newsletter.

He said that it was difficult to find bands that are aesthetically compatible as bill-sharers.

"Elvis Costello would be all right," he mused, "but Donny and Marie would be ideal."

The group have no further plans to work with Neil.

So what does all this bode for Young? Will *Human Highway* or the concert footage be released? Will radio get that powerful set? Will there be an acoustic tour, or any tour?

I spoke with Neil's manager, Elliot Roberts, who proved friendly but about as informative as a clam. "Well you might say," I finally attempted, "that all this is either pending or up in the air?"

"Yeah," Roberts agreed, "you might say that."

With luck you'll catch Young, leaving his roots behind.

ADAM BLOCK

THRILLS

Pic by ALAN LUND

WOOF— WOOFS

SUSPECTED rabies-carriers Bob Lydon and John Geldof struggle to liberate themselves from mandatory muzzles at the scene of their return to the Old Country — The 1978 Macroom Mountain Dew Musical Festival (honest).

The Diseased Duo's only excuse for being present was to cop the accolades they gleaned in Irish fanzine's *Hot Press* annual national poll (yawn), though the erstwhile O'Rotten succeeded in making page 3 of *The Irish Press* (big deal) and page 1 of *The Cork Examiner* (wow) by reportedly standing in front of the stage during headliner Rory Gallagher's set and inviting the audience to offer their autograph books for his hallowed signature while gesticulating wildly at our Rory and quipping, "That fucking superstar up there."

John was asked to vacate the premises and his parting comment was, "You don't want me here . . ."

Mister Gallagher is 63.

TANTRUM O'NEIL

THRILLS

The Lone Groover

BENYON

Y'LL DIG THIS GROUP, MAN, THEY'RE RILLY OUTRAGEOUS....
I MEAN THEY SHOCK...
BENEFIT... CONCERT
RILLY, RILLY, SHOCK!
GROANO! WHAT D'THEY DO, WEE WEES, POOPOS, VOMIT, NAUGHTY WORDS?
MOBY DICK LIVES
DON'T SNEER, MAN, THEY'LL SHAKE UP THIS LOT
WHAT! THESE HIP, BLAND, URBAN, SEENITBEFORES—
SAVE EVERY'S TREND
HOW CAN YA CRACK THEIR TRENDY WHITE POWDER COOL——
—WE DIG WHALE MEAT—IT'S OILY AN' NEAT—CAN'T WAIT— NEEDA STEAK—
PIGS!?
UGH! HOW DARE THEY!
DISGUSTIN
UGH!
HARPOON, HARPOON, BLUBBER, BLUBBER, KILL DA WHAAAAALE!

BLACKMAIL CORNER

HEY, YOU Lancashire lassies — d'ya remember this bunch of cuties strolling the Blackpool prom back in the '60s?

They were The Executives, six hunks of he-men who were well ahead of their time. I mean, in 1967 (when the above pic was taken) they ignored all those pansy kaftans and poncy bells — blimey, they even had bongos. Yeah, take a close look at the smoothie bongo player on the right . . .

Time's up — it's out of the closet and into the little black book for NME's very own ROY CARR, bongoist extraordinaire, scourge of the starlets and founder of the Davey Crockett Fan Club.

Our deepest thanks to CRAIG FLEMING for revealing the former talents of Roysie boy. And no doubt Craig's research has rekindled the ardour in the hearts of countless maturing ladies in Blackpool's fish and chip bars.

PIERS PUDDING

THRILLS

LIFE OR DEAF

IT'S ALRIGHT MA, it's not deafening . . .

A recent study on the effect of "amplified music" at rock concerts and discotheques concludes that only lengthy exposure to loud music can damage hearing, and that there's more danger of going deaf if you work in a factory, and are constantly exposed to noise.

Ergo, eight hours in, say, a car factory over 40 years sustaining 90 decibels a day will more likely land you in a Mutt and Jeff situation than a couple of hours in a disco where you're exposed to a noise level exceeding 120 decibels (approximately equivalent to a jet passing a few hundred feet overhead).

Leeds City Council endeavoured to impose a noise limitation of roughly 96 decibels at gigs around 1973, but this was later dropped after a survey showed it was "unrealistic".

The Greater London Council's code of practice for volume at gigs varies according to duration and the possible annoyance to outsiders. Some local authorities are, apparently, using an instrument known as "The Orange" (Clockwork?) which is wired into the amplifiers and cuts off the power for a few seconds when a certain pre-set peak is reached.

In the States a study showed that of 41 musicians surveyed over a period of eight years, only one suffered permanent hearing damage (rumours that he was Joe Walsh are unfounded).

So the "deaf generation" (pardon) the Noise Abatement Society feared looks as though they're going to be okay volume wise — it's only the *quality* of the music that might cause irrevocable cerebral damage now . . .

PATRICK HUMPHRIES

THRILLS

IT'S A PETTY HEARTACHE, TOM

A YEAR ago Tom Petty could do no wrong this side of the Atlantic. The blond bombshell from Gainsville, Florida, and his Heartbreakers were as hip as it gets.

When, early last summer, Petty and Co made their British live debut as support acts to Nils Lofgren, it was a close contest between the two. Some would say 'the fight' wasn't always fair.

There were complaints from Petty that he wasn't given enough room to move onstage, and that keyboards had mysteriously gone out of tune. But aside from Lofgren's roadies, everyone loved him.

In America, it was a different yarn, and when the group returned to their adopted home in Los Angeles they resumed their positions as relative non entities. Tom Petty and The Heartbreakers were so well known in their native land that they were at times mistaken for a British band. After all, they didn't sound either Californian or Southern.

Since then, much has changed. Recently, after a gig in San Francisco, The Heartbreakers were mobbed Bay City Roller style by a gaggle of teenage girls. Apart from in the Mid-West, Petty now headlines 3-6,000 seaters; despite his playing Knebworth, he avoids the open-air stadium gigs.

His new album "You're Gonna Get It" has nudged the American Top 40 three weeks after release, and five months ago Petty moved from an apartment situated on the wrong side of the tracks to an 800-dollars a month house on the good side of the San Fernando Valley.

"I think it was your paper that called me a capitalist pig," drawls the amiable Petty. "That's the truth. There ain't no Robin Hoods in rock and roll, man. Johnny Rotten stays at The Hilton in Jamaica *(The Sheraton actually — Ed.)*.

"Last year it wasn't chic to want money. I always thought that was bullshit. Money — shit, give me all you've got. I can have fun with it."

Not one to pull any punches, Petty's candour has got him into trouble before. In one interview he not only had a go at ecology, but also admitted, unfashionable though it is, that he had not time for politics.

Says Petty: "I don't really watch the news. I don't give a damn about politics. I never have. And if I didn't play music, it'd be the same way. Things like The National Front, that's a crock of shit. Maybe I'd write songs about it if I lived here and experienced it."

Petty's relatively new-found American impetus is long over-due. Although his impressive first album was released at the end of 1976, ABC Records (Shelter's American outlet) didn't realise they had hot property on their hands. ABC didn't take out one solitary ad. for the first album.

"They thought we were a punk group," recalls Petty. "That was a really bad word in America." On the band's return to the States after last year's British triumph, ABC — who'd undergone a drastic staff upheaval — woke up to the fact that Petty and his crew had chartability. By this time he was also receiving good press in America.

At this point Petty wanted to insure what the record company was now prepared to pay the Heartbreakers was right. A good lawyer was employed, and with other record companies' chasing Petty's star, much of the rest of 1977 was spent wheeling and dealing.

He wouldn't return to the studio until the negotiations were over instead the band toured — doing more than 200 gigs last year.

"My position was, 'Unless you do this, I'll never make a record again', says Petty. "To which ABC said, 'Well, you can't record for anyone else.' So I told them I'd go back to Florida. I'd made a living for ten years doing this without making records." He adds: "I think we're now getting to a point where ABC and us have more mutual respect."

The result of all the negotiations was a gap of over 18 months between the release of his first album and the new one. In Britain, reviews of the second album have been at best lukewarm, with certain reviewers suggesting that Petty had fallen foul of his environment and made "an LA album".

Petty disagrees.

"It's definitely not in the Linda Rondstadt bag. But we did fool around with the production a lot more."

In fact, his only criticism of the record is that it's too short — something he didn't realise until he'd read about it.

Originally a double including several live cuts, "You're Gonna Get It" was reduced to a single after Petty had failed to get ABC to agree to putting out a two record set for the price of one. The band were then left with the choice of putting 12 cuts that didn't form a cohesive unit onto a single album, or ten cuts which did. Petty plumped for the latter.

He has also run into troubles with his record companies (in England Island Records leases Shelter) over what single should be released from the album. He'd wanted "Listen To My Heart" put out, but because the song mentioned cocaine neither ABC nor Island was prepared to go with it.

"The song doesn't advocate cocaine," he complains. "I don't even like cocaine. If anybody offered me a snort at the right time I'd take it, but I've seen it do bad things to musicians. I've seen them really disorientated by it."

ABC wanted Petty to substitute champagne for cocaine, but he wasn't having that.

"It's a very important line. Otherwise it's just some dumb love song. It's a 1970's song. Who gives a damn about champagne? What is it, two dollars a bottle?"

Despite the cocaine reference, Petty doesn't identify with mainstream Los Angeles rock.

"I don't even notice any music coming out of Los Angeles. The musicians are good, but they got locked into something the same way as the punks did over here. I've never thought that LA music reflected LA. I think that's a real big misconception in England.

"In LA you can go out any night you want and hear any music you want. I've lived in LA five years and I've never seen The Eagles play. I think of LA as The Whiskey and The Strip. I went to a Linda Ronstadt show at The Ampitheatre once. Everyone there was almost 30-years-old. There were no kids.

"There is that side of it. There's Bel Air and there are pop stars taking cocaine, getting depressed and writing songs about it. But there are millions of people in LA. They're not all living on that wavelength.

"I think there's a lot of difference between American rock and roll and British rock and roll. I think we're one of the few bands that can walk between the two. We've a hot little rock band."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

Pic by PENNIE SMITH

BOB SEGER
THIS CULT FIGURES

12 years on and Bob Seger, cult figure and master musician, finally achieves full recognition due, with the release of **'Stranger In Town',** his latest album. Following hard on the critical acclaim that greeted its predecessor 'Night Moves', **'Stranger In Town'** sees Bob and his Silver Bullet Band rocking out harder than ever before.

OCEANS ELEVENSES

Pic by CHARLIE DAVIS

THE SUIT could have come direct from a waxwork tableau: The British Sitting Room, 1940. Humphrey Ocean wore it with an air of beleaguered gentility, all three buttons buttoned, shoulders peaked, seat roomy enough to accommodate a family of hop-pickers and a bound edition of *Blighty*.

"Sometimes," whispered Kosmo Vinyl, " 'e wears two ties!"

We sat in a respectable cake house in Gloucester Road, and Humphrey removed his white choker and jacket to reveal a single dismal tie and a pair of overworked braces.

Humphrey Ocean studied under Ian Dury at Canterbury Art School, and was one of the original members of Kilburn & The High Roads. The Royal College Of Art turned him down, but recommended him to the BBC who were looking for a real artist to impersonate Sydney Parkinson, Captain Cook's resident painter aboard 'The Endeavour'.

"I spent 2½ months over there in the Natural History Museum library making copies of his work before we went to the Virgin Islands to film," said Humphrey. "The BBC had a boat which they'd hired off an American who'd won it in a poker game, and he'd made it into a brothel. The BBC had to de-brothelize it, take out all the red plush, put pigeon shit all over it, and turn it into 'The Endeavour'."

After several weeks of Polynesian pampering in a three-cornered hat and breeches, the final film featured a good five seconds of Humphrey at the canvas. "And the day before I went, Ian asked me if I'd take my bass and the little amp to practice while I was out there."

By the end of 1973, he'd had enough of The Kilburns — "it just got extremely mad" — so he sold his bass and concentrated on painting again. He designed the sleeve for 10cc's "Soundtrack" album, and his work on the "Wings At The Speed Of Sound" album got him an artist-in-residence tour of the States with Paul McCartney. He has a painting in this year's Royal Academy Summer Exhibition.

And 'Whoops A Daisy'?

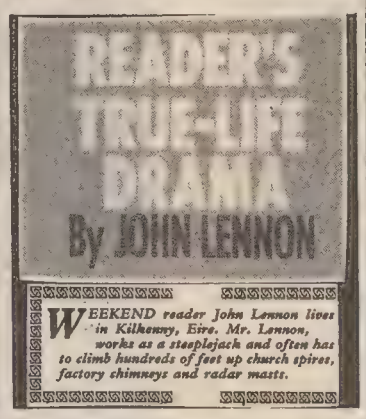
"Stiff asked me if I'd do a single and I said no. The memory was still rank in my mind of previous brushes with rock 'n roll. It was going to be 'In Your Easter Bonnet' which I wasn't all that banged up about, but then Ian wrote me a verse and I said 'This is dynamic!' So Russell Hardy, who used to be the pianist with The Kilburns — he wrote 'Mary' and 'The Upminster Kid', reams of songs — he wrote the tune and we practised away. Then Ian had a spare day and we all went down to the studio and made the single."

And a very agreeable little ditty it is, Humphrey. Would it spell mothballs for the palette?

"I don't know what I'm going to be doing from one day to the next," he said, licking his cake fork. "I'll try something else next. Brain surgery, perhaps."

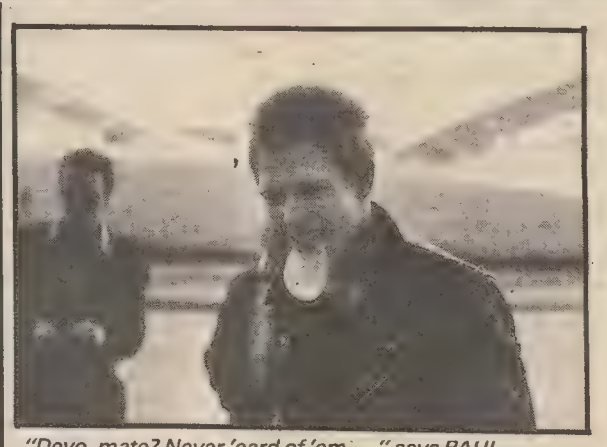
BRAIN CASE

THRILLS


READER'S TRUE-LIFE DRAMA
By JOHN LENNON
WEEKEND reader John Lennon lives in Kilkenny, Eire. Mr. Lennon, works as a steeplejack and often has to climb hundreds of feet up church spires, factory chimneys and radar masts.

So that's what he's been up to. MICK NESSLING found out in an old Weekend mag.

THE END



"Devo, mate? Never 'eard of 'em . . ." says PAUL SIMENON as he leaves Thrills in search of the charts — but The Clash ain't there either. They're the other way, mush, in On The Town . . .

Pic by JOE STEVENS

SINGLES

● SINGLE OF THE WEEK

RANDY NEWMAN: Rider In The Rain (Warner Brothers). Persons unaccustomed to Randy Newman's singular grasp of understated irony have a tendency to misinterpret the unfortunate fellow to quite ludicrous extents: hence the widespread puzzlement ever "Rednecks" from the "Good Old Boys" album a few years back, and the recent delightful furore which shook America in the wake of "Short People's" surprising but laudable success.

Squirts everywhere draw themselves up to their full lack of height and went *peep peep peep* in their indignation, while Randy just mumbled one-liners in front of his TV set back in L.A. and hunched his shoulders a little more.

This latest single hatched from the "Little Criminals" album (just to deliver guilty stabs of conscience to all of you who haven't investigated it yet) will offend nobody but cowboys (except the ones who put their blind ear to the telescope when it comes to irony, which probably means most of 'em anyway).

To a gentle clip-clopping Hopalong Cassidy beat and the mournful twang of a pedal steel (I think I read that in an old review of one of Poco's albums), Randy slips into the harmless, assentially ludicrous persona of an effete cowpuncher while selected members of The Eagles croon mellifluously behind him. A small gem, and will probably succeed commercially if the slower readers amongst the Great Pop Audience think it's just another dumb country song.

"My mother's in St Louis," mumbles Randy apologetically, *"my bride's in Tennessee/so I'm going to Arizonal with a banjo on my knee".* What more can one add except "Yihaa! Yihaa!"

● DEBUT SINGLE OF THE WEEK (I THINK)

ANDY LLOYD: Back To School (Ariola). Since I've developed the rather noxious habit of throwing most record company press releases away unread, Andy Lloyd remains a somewhat enigmatic figure, but "Back To School" is a most refreshingly unenigmatic record: a gloriously happy, noisy wall of slaphappy R&B cast in the mould of Chuck Berry's "Sweet Little Sixteen" complete with pneumatic bass and drums, flinty guitar riffs and asthmatic mouth harp. Not exactly the kind of record that radio programmers leap at, but a real bundle of fun nonetheless.

● REISSUE (AND REISSUE AND REISSUE ad infinitum) OF THE WEEK

FLEETWOOD MAC: Man Of The World (Epic). Sad to relate, this appears *sans* its original B-side (Jeremy Spencer's magnificent "Someone's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight", originally credited to "Earl Vince And The Valiants" and currently in the live repertoires of both The Bishops and The Rezillos), but deterioration of the quality of life is inevitable, after all, and the chance to hear "Man Of The World" on the radio again is not one to be sneezed at these days.

Arguably Peter Green's finest achievement during his days wearing the Mac, "Man Of The World" draws from the sensibility of the finest metaphysical country blues (Skip James, Robert Johnson, Son House) and from the musical language of the electric urban blues guitarists to create a statement that stands both musically and personally on its own terms. One of the most heatbreakingly lovely songs you or I will ever hear, it transcends time and influences alike. Not to be missed by any but the terminally insensitive (who will miss it even if they hear it — again).

● DISCO SINGLE OF THE WEEK (OR THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF THE MASKED MARAUDER)

DIANA ROSS: Lovin' Livin' And Givin' (Motown). Jumpin' Jehosaphat, sarge, did John Wayne win World War II just so that an all-American record company like Motown can make records like this? Even the fact that this track is part of the soundtrack for *Thank God It's Friday* doesn't wholly explain why producer Hal Davis should have juxtaposed Ross's kittenish whine with a relentless synthesiser pulse straight off a Donna Summer session. Cluttered it certainly isn't — at most three synthesiser overdubs and one drum track — and by some fluke of fate it comes out preferable to most electronic disco and most contemporary Motown. Score one for good ol' American knowhow, an' glad ta know that America ain't let Sergeant Fury down yet — an never will, Otto!

● MOST ANNOYING RECORD OF THIS OR ANY OTHER WEEK

TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS: Orphans (Migraine). From the depths of CBGBs and courtesy of producer Bob Quine — presumably on loan from Richard Hell's Voidoids while Sick Dick attempts to find a replacement drummer for Mark Bell, who's joined The Ramones in place of Tommy who's . . . . sorry about that, but Thuh Big Apple is just so-o-o-o-o-o-o incestuous, man, ya'know — come Teenage Jesus And The Jerks fronted by singer/guitarist Lydia Lunch. This lady makes some of the most horrible noises ever recorded. Her voice: if Poly Styrene makes you flinch, if Patti Smith makes you wince, Lydia Lunch'll make blood run out of your nostrils, eardrums and eyesockets. Her guitar: if Mark Perry playing "Red" makes your laugh and Patti Smith makes you vomit, then Lydia Lunch will make you want to invent a time machine and wipe Lee Fender out before he reaches puberty. Her songwriting: don't *ask*. I wish this record was on every jukebox in the world so that wherever I went I would be guaranteed the opportunity to offend everybody in the room with it. You must buy this record: turn it up L-O-U-D (first having taken the precaution of inserting earplugs into your shell-likes) and play it to someone you hate.

BUZZCOCKS: Love You More (United Artists). A short review (40 words) for a short record (1 minute 43 seconds): "Love You More" has a dance beat, a neat guitar hook, an air of breathless romance and a quality of sardonic innocence. It'd make a great hit.

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Reviewed this week by CSM

NEIL INNES: Protest Song (Warner Brothers). A quite staggeringly jejeune and unfunny parody of early Bob Dylan recorded before an audience of dumb liberals at an Amnesty International benefit. The audience, in fact, demonstrate both their dumbness and their liberalism by laughing and applauding uproariously all the way through Mr Innes' performance.

FOREIGNER: Cold As Ice (Atlantic). It is, perhaps, inevitable that Foreigner are massively successful: this record contains an alarmingly high cliche count and is exceptionally slickly produced. How can fame and fortune possibly elude them?

WIRE: Dot Dash (Harvest). Elegant minimalism/it conveys little/probably meant that way/intellectual pogo music/yo.

THE REACTION: I Can't Resist (Island). Produced by Ed Hollis of Rods fame and featuring his younger bro Mark on vocals and rhythm guitar. I saw The Reaction live a while ago and they came on like a bad imitation of The Jam; here they sound like a good imitation of The Jam. The song and the singing are okay, if unexceptional, while the backing track sounds flimsy in the extreme.

LANDSCAPE: Workers Playtime (Event Horizon). A 33⅓ eepee, no less, also featuring "Nearly Normal" and "Too Many Questions". Intelligent soloing over a ferocious, jumping groove: the acceptable face of jazz-rock (or "modern instrumental rock", if you prefer. I'm sure Landscape would). If anybody's going to take basic jazz to kids reared on the New Wave, then Landscape have as much chance as any other contenders.

GENESIS: Many Too Many (Charisma). Three too many, judging by the sleeve. Anybody else hate Mellotrons, well-modulated English art-rock voices and civilised sludge-rock as much as I do?

MOE BANDY: Cowboys Ain't Supposed To Cry (CBS). They ain't supposed to make horrible whining records like this either. On second thoughts, Moe, I'd rather you cried.

ALBION BAND: Poor Old Horse (Harvest). Sounds exactly like mass misconceptions of folk music: some geezer with one finger in his ear and another up his nose droning on and on while a fiddler plays mournful modals beside him. The other side contains "Ragged Heroes", which is British folk-rock at its most moody and martial with some coruscating Stratocastering from the brilliant Richard Thompson. How about B-side of the week?

ANDY ARTHUR: I Can Detect You (For 100,000 Miles) (TDS). Mr Arthur has the great honour to produce Tonight, who in turn had the great honour to release "Drummer Man" a few months ago. "I Can Detect You" would suggest that Mr Arthur's track record for continuing excellence in the arts remains unblemished, and that TDS Records is living up to its name.

MARSEILLES: Kiss Like Rock And Roll (Mountain). True enough, but they don't play it too well, and neither do Marseilles.

MICHAEL CHAPMAN: While Dancing The Pride Of Erin (Criminal). Michael Chapman remains the most unforgivably underrated singer/songwriter/guitarist/human being in the British rock business, but this less than distinguished excerpt from his least interesting album in several years is unlikely to affect this lamentable situation for the better. Those unaware of Chappo's multitudinous talents would be advised to consult the "Deal Gone Down", "Pleasures Of The Street" and "Savage Amusement" albums; those already initiated hang on for the next one.

● IF POWERPOP NEVER EXISTED, THEN WHAT ARE ALL THESE RECORDS DOING IN MY PAD, MAN?

TOMMY ROCK: Is It Love? (Spark). Clutching a Teddybear and a Telecaster to his fratjacketed bosom on the front of the sleeve and posing moodily in leather on the back (plus Tele, minus teddy) is a soft-faced young man in glasses who has an artful ear for song construction and a faintly unnerving ability to deliver fragile charm with sledgehammer impact. Pleasant, if not altogether trustworthy.

THE REAL KIDS: All Kindsa Girls (Red Star). The vocal line is pretty much buried, but the chords indicate that it's supposed to be a song and not just a thrash. Not exactly thrilling.

THE RUBINOOS: I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend (Beserkeley). Not, as I somewhat naively assumed, an inspired remake of The Ramones' teenage classic, but an original song that slams hastily-compiled extracts from the Ramone Repertoire together with a still-steaming chunk of the Stones' "Get Off My Cloud." Bright, healthy and vitamin-packed. I resent the whole thing most strongly.

GIMIK: No More Magic (Mik). This record, apparently, is to be stocked by Woolworths despite the fact that it's by an unkown band on their own label. Why Woolworths decided to pick Gimik for this great honour is something that I'm sure a Mr Carroll and a Mr Robinson are a little puzzled about, but then that's the wonder of Wooly's — er, at the very least, a wooly wonder indeed. The record, by the way, is as blank as it could possibly be and still have grooves on it.

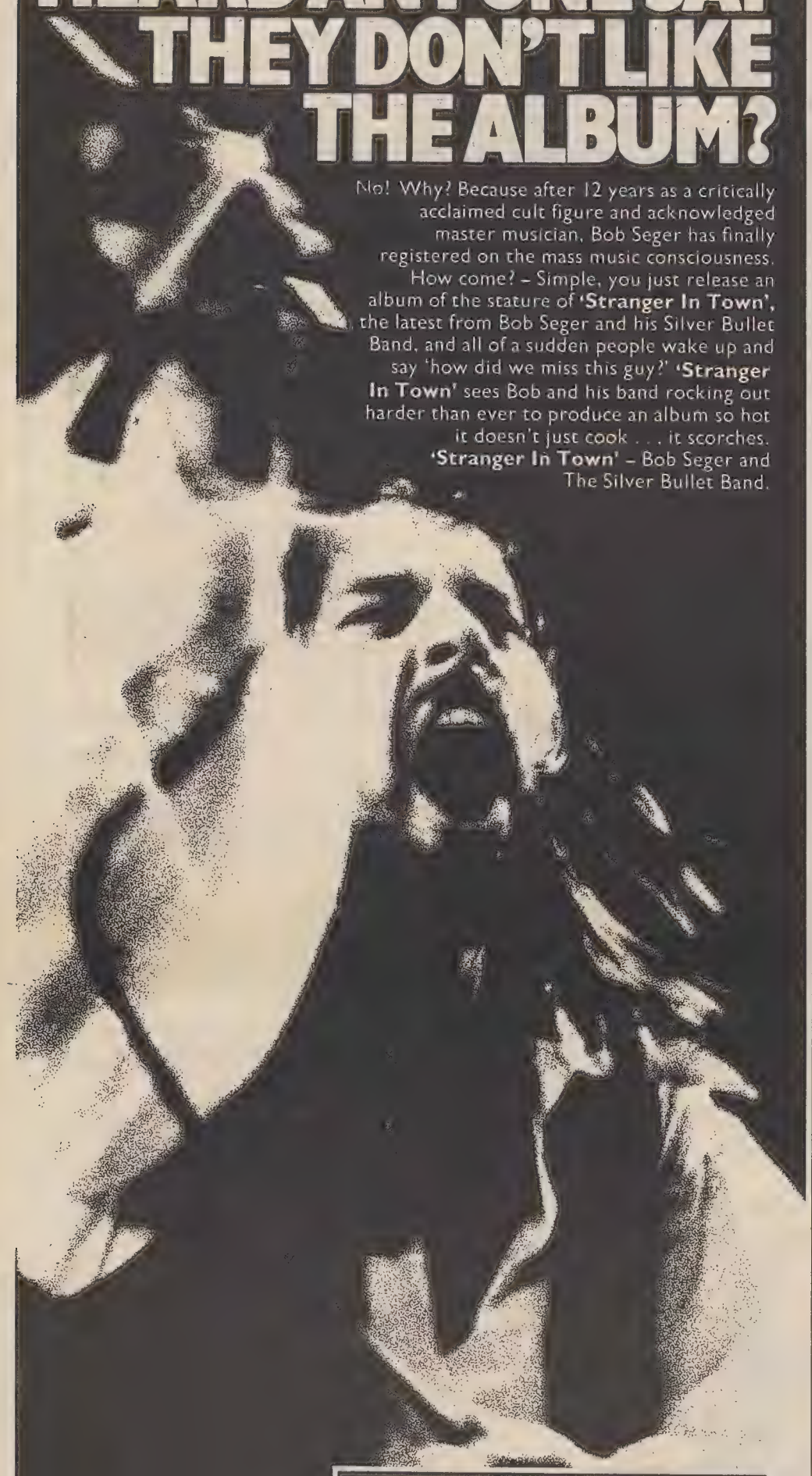
● IF PUNK IS DEAD (he asked with a gradually rising note of hysteria) WHAT ARE ALL THESE RECORDS DOING IN MY PAD, MAAAN?

THE LEIGHTON BUZZARDS: 19 And Mad (Small Wonder). "19 And Mad" is one of the great records of early 1977; the fact that it's only been recorded and released in mid-'78 may seriously hamper its chances except

■ Continues p.18

BOB SEGER

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD ANYONE SAY THEY DON'T LIKE THE ALBUM?



No! Why? Because after 12 years as a critically acclaimed cult figure and acknowledged master musician, Bob Seger has finally registered on the mass music consciousness. How come? – Simple, you just release an album of the stature of **'Stranger In Town'**, the latest from Bob Seger and his Silver Bullet Band, and all of a sudden people wake up and say 'how did we miss this guy?' **'Stranger In Town'** sees Bob and his band rocking out harder than ever to produce an album so hot it doesn't just cook . . . it scorches. **'Stranger In Town'** – Bob Seger and The Silver Bullet Band.

Capitol Records

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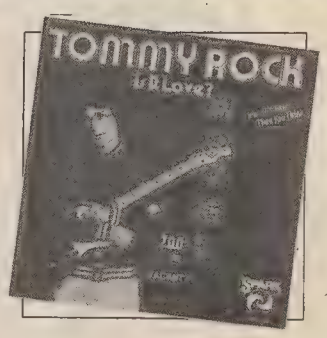
SINGLES CONTD.

● *From previous page*

among rapidly Anglopunkophile Yanks who will neither know no care (in a few year's time, anyway) that this wasn't from the golden era of "Anarchy," "White Riot" and "New Rose." From the two tracks on the B-side, one would conclude that the guitarist is well into Mick Ronson and the Sabs and that the vocalist is nuts about David Bowie (even a sneaky lyrical reference to "All The Madmen" in one verse), John Lydon and Ian 'Untah. Remember: "19 And Mad" by the Leighton Buzzards. The first punk revival record.

LUCY: Never Never (Lightning). KRYPTON TUNES: Limited Version (Lightning) REVOLVER: Silently Screaming (Rockburgh). SIMPLY



SAUCER: She's A Dog (Pig) CYANIDE: Mac The Flash (Pye). NEON HEARTS: Answers (Satril). Briefly noted: Revolver sound like a rejected Nick Lowe demo, Simply Saucer are Canadian, very badly recorded and totally bereft of ideas, Cyanide are highly sexist and not even as entertaining as that might imply to some of you, Krypton Tunes have attempted to make a Stranglers record with two guitars instead of guitar and keyboards and Lucy and Neon Hearts are just plain boring.

● AND A REISSUE FOR THE ROAD

BRINSLEY SCHWARZ: Country Girl (United Artist). From the days when Basher 'n Bob were country rockers. "Country Girl" still sounds nice and — you know what? — you can *still* sing Dylan's "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere" along with it. Included on the B-side is the glorious "Surrender To The Rhythm", from which one conclude that the Brinsleys might have made it while they were still going if they hadn't had such an appalling thin studio sound.

ROCKERS TIME

Reggae singles reviewed by STEVE BARROW

CARLTON COFFIE: Chant Away/Version (Boss 12"). This has been described as a Marley soundalike, but Carlton's committed singing combined with the stately (but not sedate) horns lift it well out of the imitator category. Intensity builds throughout, culminating in a dubside which showcases a pounding conga, fiery trumpet and keening rock guitar, the last not at all out of place.

BUNNY MALONEY: Baby I've been missing you/Julia (Moodisc).
THE ETERNALS: Push me in the corner/Part two (Moodisc). These two releases signal the return to the UK musical arena by one of Jamaica's finest producers, Harry Mudie. Of the two, the Bunny Maloney side is the classier, a soulful lovers rocker with a wicked bass line, and recently a big seller on import; whilst the other, older record features the group (who once boasted Cornel Campbell as lead singer) offering relaxed vocals over a deceptively "soft" swinging rhythm. Jo Jo Bennett on trumpet drops in briefly halfway through. Now how about those brilliant deejay 12-inchers that turned up on pre early this year?

LINVAL THOMSON: Introducing Bunny Lion/Central (M&M). Although this is credited to Linval Thomson, it's in fact a deejay version of his recent "Big Big Girl" pre, called "Tribulation". New toaster Bunny Lion does a fair job, only running out of inspiration toward the end, as he tells a tale of police victimisation over a Tubby's mix on a Revolutionaries rhythm.

TAPPA ZUKIE: Oh Lord/Version (Stars Pre-release). Currently most over-rated toaster with a follow-up to "Phensic", dedicated to the "sisters" and their short shorts. Mediocrity relieved by the dub, though this will sell plenty. As for Tappa, he sounds though 'im need a bromide.

JAH JOE: Love on the seen/Version 78 style (Lovepower pre-release). Only the fifteenth version of "Death in the Arena" — however this one is redeemed by a dub with so much phasing on the drums that it sounds like another instrument, and when bass 'n' drums drop out at the end it hits you like a whip. A-side is a messy avowal of the thoroughly reactionary Rasta religion.

BOB ANDY: I've got to go back home/DOREEN SCHAEFFER: Try a little smile (Studio One 12" Pre Release). Bob Andy rarely makes a sub-standard record, and this one truly deserves the description "classic". Nobody else but Clement Dodd can release music cut twelve years ago that still sounds great, and this discomix has the bonus of a Richard Ace synth workout on the dub part. One of the best loved tunes in the whole of Jamaican music, with a good song on the flip from Doreen Schaeffer, a husky voiced singer from Coxson's under-rated female roster. Unfortunately, with this primary source having no release outlet here, music like this is destined for a specialist audience, unless there is a Gibbs or Chanel One Recut — a REAL shame.

THE IMMORTALS: Can't keep a good man down/Version (Hawkeye). Hawkeye have an enviable catalogue culled mainly from Gussie and Pablo — this is another excellent Rockers label production with tight harmonies, chopping guitar, so low bass and crunchy keyboard by el Pablito himself. Choice.

DANDY LIVINGSTONE: South African Experience/Rasta Fusion (Night Owl). Tunes like this augur well for Night Owl — they've just released a worthy R'n'B styled album by The Marvels, as well as the quality "Every Black Man Is A Rasta" by Dimple Hinds last year. This is a powerful message song delivered over a buoyant (it keeps up) rhythm that sounds chunky and tight, reminiscent of a band like Gladdy Anderson's. The flip is instrumental, with excellent drum and percussion work. The LP should be good, and different.

Don't Get Funny Wi' De Dunny

I ROY: first man to mention the IMF on disc!

MAYTONES AND I. ROY: Money Trouble Disco/Dub part two (Hit 12" Pre-release). The country Maytones on a good GG/Revolutionaries recut of the old Ernest Wilson/Studio One "Money Worries". But it's I Roy who really makes this record something special as he reflects on the current political situation in JA, with strikes, bus fare increases *and* the intervention of the IMF at government policy level — *"International Monetary Fund have we under heavy discipline, Rasta"* — a familiar story to all who are interested in real politics as opposed to the single-issue protest variety currently favoured by the radical chic layer in the UK. He even manages a sly (who?) reference to Africa — *"Nigeria, Lagos — a lot of yen"* so he certainly knows about the apparently massive market for Jamaican music there. A healthy good morning Mother Cuba from the original News Carrier — let's hope it's release here soon, as the £4 price will eliminate many potential new fans.

L. to r.: Glaister Venn, Bunny Donaldson, Fergus Jones, Bagga Fagan, Jah Blake, Dennis Bovelle, Webster Johnson.

Also, it takes much longer to get recognised as the best reggae band in the land, the slow way.

THE ALBANY EMPIRE is a small cramped community hall cum drama studio in deep South East London. Although the more pressing local needs prevent the place from becoming a regular rock venue, time allows the occasional gig to be slotted in. Deptford's own Alternative TV played their first gigs there, and recently reggae got its first look with Matumbi topping a Rock Against Racism bill.

Despite physical exhaustion following an arduous trek to Liverpool the previous day the band were keen to play the Deptford hall. Sitting backstage in the tiny dressing room shared with supporting punks, the slowly improving Crabs, maybe they're having second thoughts now.

It's already 9 pm and they aren't due onstage for another three hours — ridiculously late for those going home by public transport. Outside it's cold and wet and, in the hall, punters are visibly thin on the ground.

A small cut beneath the eye of bassist Jah Blake gives clue to something altogether more sinister — an unprovoked attack on three band members in Lewisham that afternoon on the way to the gig.

Vocalist Bagga has no doubt that the thugs responsible were NF members; "National Front try to fight against us. We are not violent men. But if violence comes to us then we MURDEEERRR DEM BLOODCLAAAAT MAN!!!"

One of Britain's first and most obviously talented reggae bands. Matumbi are also one of the most militant. Two years ago they took the bold step of getting behind the embryonic Rock Against Racism set-up, playing Kensington's Royal College of Art with the Carol Grimes Band at RAR's first ever benefit gig.

Countless RAR gigs aside, they have also played for the Institute of Race Reltions at Dingwalls and an open air show in a South London stret in aid of the Lewisham Campaign Against Racism and Facism.

Of the dozens of home-grown roots bands now playing, only The Cimarons have been around longer. Formed seven years ago in Battersea, the Matumbi line up has remained more or less the same since.

Dennis "Blackbeard" Bovelle, one of the father figures of British reggae, leads a powerful vocal front line beside the two slick Masters Of Cool, Glaister Venn and Glen "Bagga" Fagan. Behind those three a solid back four of Jah "Bunny" Donaldson (drums), Webster "Scratch" Johnson (keyboards), Euton "Fergus" Jones (congas and percussion) and bassist Jah Blake complete the "family", providing an ever-potent rhythm section.

MATUMBI (THE name is Nigerian meaning to be born again) have been signed to Trojan virtually since their formation in 1972 — an alliance that has proved far from satisfactory according to the group.

Disillusioned with being forced to make homogenised reggae covers of early '70s soul standards like Hot Chocolate's "Brother Louie", The Temptations' "Law Of The Land" and Kool And The Gang's "Funky Stuff", the band cut their own single, the serene "After Tonight" (Safari) after Trojan discarded them.

It was only when both that single and the follow up — a worthy cover of Bob Dylan's "Man In Me" — gave a glimpse of the band's real potential that Trojan's interest was rekindled.

The result was a series of legal wrangles which were to plague the band just as they were beginning to make a name for themselves.

Their contract with the Kensal Road organisation finally expired in May after nearly seven years, and with a new album already in the can, the band were able to add the finishing touches to the deal with a major label and have signed with EMI, on whose Harvest label their deceptively low-key debut single "Rock" was recently released.

Most of the Trojan demos, together with "After Tonight" and "The Man In Me" can now be found on the "Best Of Matumbi" compilation — an album which Dennis, laughing heartily, dismisses as the "Worst Of" the band.

Alternative — and better — Matumbi product is, however, readily available. In fact, for a band whose career has been blighted with business hassles, their recorded output is bewildering. Some of their finest moments come under psuedonyms, such as The 4th Street Orchestra and African Stone.

There are also a set of Dennis Bovelle solo albums which set the man aside as this country's most fanatical and skilful exponent of dub. This year's casually experimental "Strictly Dub Wise" (Tempus) is just the latest in a series of dub albums.

Both last year's "Yuh Learn!" (Rama) and a 1976 album "Ah, Who Seh? Go Deh!" were dubbed up in London's Gooseberry Studions by Blackbeard with the help of Matumbi drummer Jah Bunny and a host of session players. Now, both Bagga and Glaister Venn have also expressed interest in starting work on their own dub albums.

But, as yet, it's only on stage that Matumbi's true dynamism as a band comes across.

Visually, like Steel Pulse, they are striking; vocalists Bagga and Glaister is their shades and catsuits deliver with a Soul Boy slickness in perfect contrast to the earthy Dennis, hunched over his guitar in flowing robes. Fleshing out an already rich percussive sound, Webster Johnson's keyboards are the icing on the cake.

And if the Deptford Albany Empire show didn't reach the heights the band usually expect, then they are the first to admit so afterwards.

"We never got off the ground," reflected a realistic Dennis in the dressing room.

A highpoint of the set is a two-part tribute to the roots of reggae music; a gritty version of one of my all-time reggae faves, Toots And The Maytals' eight-year-old carat "54-46 That's My Number" segues into one of the band's own songs "Bluebeat and Ska. . ."

"Can you tell me whatever happened to Rock Steady / Oooooh Rock Steady / Whatever happened to Bluebeat and Ska / Bluebeat and Ska ..."

From the Trojan era, "After Tonight" and "The Man In Me" remain trademarks of every gig, along with an early song inspired by Rastafarian ideology "Wipe Them Out".

Matumbi are quick to point out that the latter song was written as long ago as 1972, at a time when few black British musicians had any truck with such thoughts.

RASTAFARIAN BELIEFS are, of course, at the heart of the band's entire outlook, and any surly contempt or cynicism on my part would be out of order.

The Matumbi stance on music, religion, life and love was explained thus. First Dennis Bovelle: "It's necessary to reach everybody through our music, 'cause music is the only t'ing that can cause peace in the world, and the sooner man realise that, and start getting into music, the better. Any man that say 'I don't like that kinda music, it's rubbish' is a fool really.

"In times of depression, music goes to reggae music. Kids rebelling against the system turn to reggae music, 'cause society rejects reggae music out of sight.

"A politician is a serious t'ing. Singing about Africa doesn't mean that a man is a political man. I-man don't need to voice any personal opinion in a song.

"Check the music as a report of what's happening around the world. When it comes to South Africa and Rhodesia, check the music as a report of what's happening. As far as politics is concerned, we just project what are the facts. But the real projection of this music is Love — all kinds of love."

And Bagga: "We sing about love, and at the same time we sing about truths and rights. What's happening to our people in general.

"God soon come again, so right now we sing some music to tell people that God soon come. The 'encounter of the third kind' will be the coming of God. Prophecy must fulfil and everything that was said will come to pass. The chapter of *Revelation* has shown what the signs will be; nation rising against nation, a baby being born within a baby.

"But music is not the first encounter. Money is the first encounter. It has to be. I would be okay if I was living in Africa in the wilds with a sunhat on my head. I would need no money fe buy clothes.

"But I am in England so I need money fe buy clothes for heat. You need food to eat. Money is necessary. It is the first priority.

"I got trapped in England. When I was a little boy of eight, my parents come over to England searching for a better life and a better future. I had no choice but to come to England. It would be hard for me to revert to what I was as a boy 'cause I am trapped in the money system."

With the numerous small time crooks that are part and parcel of the reggae scene, it comes as no surprise that Matumbi pursue a hard line when it comes to The Biz.

Certain black clubs in London, they refuse to play on "business" grounds. They — quite rightly — will not do a gig unless they are certain they will be paid for it.

Never unambitious, they are keen to take reggae music out to new areas and new venues. In London they've recently played The Nashville, The Music Machine and the Southgate Royalty. Then there was their nationwide tour with Ian Dury and The Blockheads and Chiswick's Rockabilly combo Whirlwind — another band striving hard to take a well defined form of music out of its select clubs and across to a wider audience.

Beyond that, a major ambition of the band is to get their mugs onto the silver screen (one of their biggest heroes is still Curtis "Superfly" Mayfield) and a producer has already approached them for a film score.

More immediately they have written the signature tune for what they call the BBC's answer to Coronation Street — a television series by the name of "Empire Road", located in Birmingham and featuring a largely black cast. In fact, Bagga, Jah Blake and percussionist Euton are all to make brief appearances in the series.

by ADRIAN THRILLS

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PETER'S DEATH · RAFER'S DEATH · RAFER'S SON · LEFT, RIGHT!

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BROOKS and KAHN negotiate the rear exit in HIGH ANXIETY

High Anxiety

Directed by Mel Brooks
Starring Mel Brooks and Madeline Kahn
(Fox)

MEL BROOKS' current reputation is based principally on his flair for genre parody, and his ability to machine-gun jokes faster than his audience can absorb 'em, laugh at 'em and get set up for the next one.

This has made for a couple of the funniest movies of the last five years (barring a few lapses into the incoherent which never bothered me because I was laughing too hard) and at least part of the greatness of *Blazing Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein* was the balance between the genuine love for the genres he pastiched (no-one but a fine and passionate lover of the western and horror film respectively could have observed them in such a way as to produce such a richly detailed texture) and his merciless eye for cliches and inanities.

In *High Anxiety,* Brooks takes on the entire *oeuvre* of Alfred Hitchcock. Or rather: it'd be great if he had, but he doesn't. His reverence for Hitchcock is really too strong for him to pummel the flabby *corpus* of the Old Master with bare fists. Instead we get a straight pastiche of Hitchcock (with a plot that could be reshot without the jokes as a conventional thriller), spurred on by mildly zany Brookesian boffos.

Many of the jokes seem funnier recalled in isolation from the plot (the film moves from gag to gag like a drunk lurching from lamp-post to lamp-post): the one most likely to end up in a pantheon of classic Brooks bits is the brilliant shot-by-shot parody of the shower scene from *Psycho.*

In too many other instances, though, Brooks seems more willing to borrow than to burlesque.

The Brooks Repertory Company are in splendid form, however: Cloris Leachman's horrific Nurse Diesel is even more loathesome than her Frau Blucher in *Young Frankenstein,* and Madeline Kahn's heroine (in ludicrous blonde wig) is brilliant even though she doesn't have an awful lot to do, except in the airport sequence where she and Brooks masquerade as a belligerent middle-aged Jewish couple. It's purely incidental to the plot, but it's also the best sustained laugh in the whole *megillah.*

Me, I reckon Mel's best bet right now would be to reassemble Gene Wilder, Marty Feldman and the rest of the original repertory company — before things get silly and Dom DeLuise begins writing and directing his own movies — hustle up a big bunch of bucks and paste the shit out of the current wave of high-budget low-brow SF movies.

Here's to *Space For Hire.*

Charles Shaar Murray

WILDER: "Brooks schmooks . . . and who the hell's that over there . . ?"

The World's Greatest Lover

Directed by Gene Wilder Starring Gene Wilder and Carol Kane (Fox)

AS MEL BROOKS jokingly complained in *Silver Screen* a few weeks back, "Gene Wilder and Marty Feldman are using up all the goddam genres on me. . ."

For his second film as director Wilder has taken the feverish days of the '20s in general and the effete appeal of Valentino in particular, and whipped up a frothy concoction which isn't substantial enough to choke on but certainly sweet enough to raise the proverbial titter.

It's better paced than Wilder's debut *(The Adventures Of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother)* and Wilder's performance as the neurotic 'hero' is as loveably lunatic as usual. The good jokes come twice as often as the bad ones — a healthy average and one which, surprisingly, puts Brooks' disappointing *High Anxiety* to shame.

Monty Smith

NO FAX

American Hot Wax

Directed by Floyd Mutrux
(Paramount)
Starring Tim McIntire

AS LESTER Bangs observed in one of his typically excessive rants a few weeks ago, fact does not rear its inconvenient head too often in this quasi-historical peek at the rock 'n' rolling '50s.

Perhaps if I was a New Yorker whose formative years had been spent within the framework on which *American Hot Wax* is so shakily built I'd be as disgusted as Bangs. But I'm not. And as a 32-year-old Londoner who was affected as much by the fantasy as the reality of late '50s Americana, I thoroughly enjoyed the film, despite its obvious shortcomings.

What we have here is a compromise. As I understand it, when producer Art Linson (of *Car Wash* success) first approached Paramount with the idea of a film about rock 'n' roll based around a DJ, his original intention was for it to be entirely fictitious. But the more they researched the subject, the more they realised that the late Alan Freed would have to be the central character. That decided, they then copped out by only hinting at the most salient facts of his legendary career, and by throwing in some blatant untruths to further confuse the issue.

Alan Freed was a white DJ, originally from Ohio but later based in New York, who respected — indeed, whose main love was — the music of black America that was then termed *rhythm & blues.* Against all odds, i.e. against the reactionary 'system', he promoted r&b to national, bi-racial success under the flimsy (and equally controversial) guise of *rock 'n' roll.* To the best of my knowledge, his constant fight to broadcast what he pleased made him an alcoholic (or near as damn it) and during his few years of influence he was quite open to payola (accepting cash, gifts and the like in exchange for plugging records). With two such chinks in his armour he was eventually crushed by the system and swept aside to oblivion, where he died a broken man in the mid-'60s.

American Hot Wax purports to deal with one week of Freed's career in 1959. The plot, such as it is, centres around the preparation and performance of his "1st Anniversary Rock 'n' Roll Show", live from the stage of the Brooklyn Paramount Theater; a show that features acts genuine (Jerry Leee Lewis, Chuck Berry, Screamin' Jay Hawkins) and fictitious.

Although there are entertaining moments during the final concert (and a clumsy acknowledgement of Freed's hassles, when the D.A.'s office confiscates the takings and pulls out the plugs on the show) it's very much of an anti-climax, partly because of unexceptional performances by Berry and Lewis but mainly because of atrocious editing. It's as if the scheduled completion date of the film was brought forward halfway through, so that it gets rapidly more unco-ordinated as it rushes to its unsatisfactory conclusion.

Before the disintegration, however, there are many persuasive scenes, most of them featuring Tim McIntire (who plays Freed) and/or Laraine Newman (Teenage Louise), a young Carole King-type hopeful songwriter, who meets and hustles for . . . The Chesterfields, four young black singers who were brought together especially for the film, and who almost steal the show with their street corner jive and acapella harmonising.

Primary honours go to McIntire. I've no way of knowing whether his portrayal of Freed is anywhere near accurate (he certainly doesn't look too much like pix of Freed) but, in the dim light of blissful ignorance, within minutes of his first appearance I was thinking of him as the genuine article rather than an experienced character actor. I still vividly recall one particular scene where, alone at the turntables, chain-smoking, rapping through the glass with his producer in the adjacent studio and sustaining his enthusiasm with swigs from a handy bottle of booze, he is blasting out his fave rock 'n' roll to his devoted New York audience. A romantic image perhaps, but a forceful one.

If a more faithful film is ever made about Freed I shall be sadly disillusioned if McIntire doesn't play the part again. I only wish we had a few more DJs like that here in Britain.

American Hot Wax is supported by *I Wanna Hold Your Hand,* a lively romp around the fringe of Yankee Beatlemania unfolding with much the same lunacy as a Whitehall farce — which, if reports of the real life event are to be belived, is as it should be.

The time is February 1964; the location, New York City. The story opens with The Beatles' historic arrival at JFK airport (black & white newsreel footage) and climaxes with their appearance on the Ed Sullivan show a day or two later (cleverly recreated by juxtaposition of close-ups of the genuine transmission on studio monitors and long-shots of a phoney Fab Four — we get to see the backs of hairy heads, the bottoms of mohair trouser legs and four pairs of Beatle boots).

Apart from the discordant clanger that one of the off-screen Beatle voices seems to be ludicrously inaccurate (although I'm no great authority of Liverpudlian patois), I should think this lively concoction offers as much of the flavour of the group's impact on American nubility as any more substantial movie could hope to do.

Accept that it doesn't attempt any kind of explanation of the phenomenon and you'll probably enjoy it.

Cliff White

AMERICAN FIENDS

The American Friend

Directed by Wim Wenders
Starring Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz
(Cinegate)

IT'S A SAD truth that the work of the most talented and radical film directors tends to get shown least. Such is the case with the young German director Wim Wenders — one of the Deutschland's intriguing 'new wave' of movie makers — whose films have been largely ignored in this country.

In one sense that's not surprising — a movie audience weaned on Hollywood's diseased fantasies of candyfloss 'sinful' sex and gratuitous 'macho' violence is unlikely to take to Wenders' determinedly realistic and uncompromising pursuit of the soul of post-war Germany as expressed in films like *The Goalkeeper's Fear Of The Penalty* and *Kings Of The Road.* Especially in low budget black and white. Who wants a layer stripped off reality when you can gorge on escapism, however perverted?

***The American Friend* will probably receive no better fate in the UK than Wenders' previous movies — a shame since the film, based on Patricia Highsmith's novel *Ripley's Game,* is on one level a straight thriller, with all the trademarks of the genre — gangland killings, murder on the express, intrigue, blackmail and mystery. Yet not since Nicolas Roeg's *Performance* (which it occasionally echoes) has the popular obsession with criminal life and violence been so potently blended with insights into the condition of modern man and the social and primal forces that govern him.**

The film's plot is the traditional thriller's web of murders, money, blackmail and sinister shadowy mobsters, a labyrinthine horror in which Wenders' hero Jonathan Zimmermann — a humble picture frame-maker fulfilled in his craft and family — is inexorably drawn.

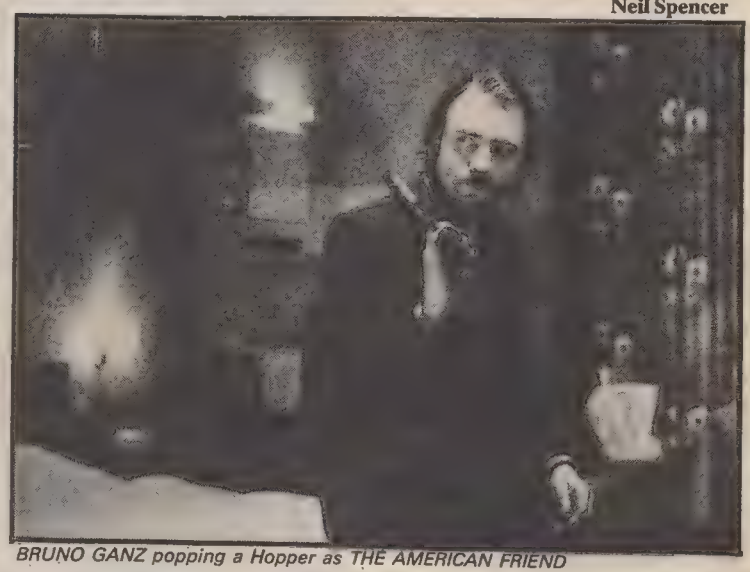
The instrument of his corruption is Tom Ripley, a rich covertly homosexual American exile brilliantly played by Dennis Hopper in a performance that should frighten Jack Nicholson back to work. Snubbed by Zimmermann for his profiteering on works of art, Ripley decides the frame-maker will become his "friend".

The ensuing nightmare and the inexorable destruction of Zimmermann is a mixture of bare horror and black comedy. Shot in slightly gaudy colour with a soundtrack that recalls '40s Bogart flicks, *The American Friend* borrows the thriller's outward form while relentlessly savaging the myths of American culture, specifically the myth of the male 'buddy' relationship as lauded in everything from Melville and Twain to Kerouac and Wayne.

Exploiting the bewildering twists of plot and furious pace of the action — split between America and Europe, just as the dialogue is half in English, half German — the film becomes an allegory of the US cultural colonisation of Europe. Like so many artists before him, American or otherwise, Wenders concludes that at the heart of the American Dream is disease, corruption, death. A serious thing.

***The American Friend* is already one of the outstanding films of '78, a stunning tour-de-force. How can radical serious movies escape mere cult status? Ask Nicolas Roeg. Ask Bob Dylan.**

Neil Spencer



BRUNO GANZ popping a Hopper as THE AMERICAN FRIEND

DEVO IN DEBASEMENT MIXING UP DE MEDICINE

THE FIVE VEGETAB
OF THE APOCALYP

FLARE YOUR COMMON genes with DEE-EEE-VEE-OHH!!! Bottles, bricks, mud, stones, broken glass, cow shit, rotten fruit, rat droppings, dog turds and sundry rancid refuse (no spuds, please, we-are-hippies) . . . the strange rain hails down on a quintet of fluorescent orange skateboard helmets. Devo are playing Knebworth . . .

The whacky mandroids from the rubber plants of this year's Manchester — Akron, Ohh-hi-ohh (recently traded in for the coca vegetation of Los Angeles, California) — may have come but a chromosome away from being shredded into cybernetic *pommes de frites,* but one fact is indisputable: Devo will *never* better their performance at Knebworth, 1978.

Jiggle all you want with the vertical hold on Life Itself, guys, the race is run, your mission here on earth is accomplished, piss off back to your own goddamn galaxy, will ya? Huh? Whassat? You wanna play *MORE* festivals??

"Yup, as soon as we can . . ."

But, fellas, surely *it's all been done before?*

"No, no, no . . . we're gonna get *face-masks* and *bullet proof glass* and *flexi-glass riot shields.* PERFECTION would be one hundred thousand hippies beating shit out of each other because the beer-cans thrown by the Anti-Devos in the middle of the huge crowd are *not reaching the stage."*

The words come from Jerry Casale, late-twenties leader, bassist and major instigator of Devo conceptualism. The band see themselves as mirror-image representatives to the proletariat of the vegetable kingdon — song and dance men miming the plight of the human race in the (yawn) modern world. Man seen as *homo spudo* adrift in the morass of technological alienation. Explain it to the dumb spuds, Jerry, you dumb spud . . .

"One hundred thousand hippies kicking the living shit out of each other would be a creative enactment of what society does to people anyway," elucidates the chief potato potentate.

"They're all killing each other because the guy at the top — the guy twenty-five feet up — is manipulating them against each other. They don't see that because they wanna be docile and passive and not think and therefore they beat the shit out of each other. It's perfect: the guy at the top collects either way . . ."

Devo have turned wallowing in society's rank mire into an Art Form. Or rather, they've *tried* to. They say they're not pointing a way out of crudland, they're just pointing at crudland itself.

Ostensibly touting everyday, recognisable imagery in abstract contexts, on stage Devo are a Busby Berkeleyesque riot of stylistic theatrical melodrama — jerking around in choreographed automation decked out in their depersonalised industrial-chic overalls or athletic track star Jock togs. The constant ape japes are interrupted only for the taped anthem when the booji boys all snap to respectful stationary attention (saluting, naturally).

"Devo (he says it Dee-Voh) are just performing a service," offers Jerry Casale, maestro of evasive metaphorical meandering. "Not in the sense of doing somebody a favour, but a public duty to get something from somewhere else and bring it in when it's needed and make it available. People know what they need, people know what they want, and often those are two different things . . . and I just think we're something they need."

Yeah, just like those health food gaffs where the carrot-crunchers are flogged non-battery hen eggs, non-DDT-sprayed apples, etcetera, that have all been purchased by a wily *maitre d'* for a tenth of *Chez Nut's* going rate from the non-sanitised supermarket at the other end of the market-square where the infirmed, spuddy people go. Devo are organic, man. Just like smoking bananas.

DEVOtective Work: TONY PARSONS
DEVOpictions: PENNIE SMITH

A TABLE FOR four in the coffee-shop of a Kensington hotel. On my left, Jerry Casale. Clean-shaven mail order leisure wearer (I was really looking forward to seeing them in full costume, too), Jerry bears more than a passing resemblance to a professional golfer, wouldn't you say?

Opposite Jerry sits his brother Bob (guitar), a lanky, dumb-looking, blank-faced tourist with YANK stamped on his forehead. Next to him is Mark Mothersbaugh (synthesisers), a manically intense Mad Prof type of geezer, myopic mince-pies nervous tic twitching behind plate-glass spectacles.

Alan Myers (drums) and Bob Mothersbaugh (guitar) are already back Stateside.

Casale acts as Devo mouthpiece; purveyor of the assertive, brusque, dead-pan rhetoric that has bewildered though bewitched a sizeable gaggle of gullible typewriters on both sides of the Atlantic . . .

"A lot of people don't believe us, they think we're putting them on or making things up," whines Jerry. "Anything that degenerates to a simple form from a complex form obviously becomes more adaptable in one sense . . . everything that is assumed to be true is invented anyway. That's the second law of thermo-dynamics."

No it ain't silly. The second law of thermo-dynamics expresses the irreversibility of processes. What *you're* spouting is mere Zen word-wanking bullshit.

A question mark materializes above the Casale cranium.

"Well . . . I, uh, can see the connection . . . when a statement is made the reverse is *also* true and it's got to be, otherwise that one couldn't be true. There's gotta be something that strong on the other side making that true."

"It's like in applied mathematics," chimes in brother Bob cheerily. "The absolute value of a number whether it be on the negative end of the spectrum or positive end of the spectrum is equal — the absolute values are the same!"

So what you're saying is that if I told you I think DEVO SUCK, you'd take that as a compliment, huh? I mean, guys, your show just looks so sodding *contrived.*

"What did you say?" snaps Jerry Devo.

Contrived, bub, the show looks contrived.

This gets the disenfranchised amoeba's back up.

"Listen, our show changes from night to night," he blusters. "In *Hollywood, California,* we get these BIG CROWDS chanting, 'WE ARE DEVO! WE ARE DEVO!' *They* know our show is different every night, they scream . . ."

Yeah, but *Jerry* me son, *surely* if they're all making that combined, calculated declaration of Devoism, then in reality the reverse is true and those poor deluded geeks ain't really Devo AT ALL!!

I politely wait until the appreciative raucous laughter has died down a mite and coyly avert my eyes from their looks of grudging admiration before I ask my next question.

As I see it, you guys ain't on some futuristic Nostradamus/Ladbroke's *Brave New World* trip. You're concerned with being the mirror-image of here and now. Why have you farted about with Devo for over five years when you could have taken all this blue-collar slumming to its logical conclusion back in the lean Mid West days and become real-life factory workers yourselves?

"Well, uh, we didn't want to fall into the goo ourselves," hedges Jerry.

"You can't provide that function (representing the people) if you're in that goo yourself. It's, uh, *a hard job.*

LES
PSE

AUBERGINE POTATO SPINACH CABBAGE ASPARAGUS

In order to be on *this* side of the stage you've got to keep dodging things like a rabbit, mutating at a faster rate so that you stay one, two steps ahead because the wad's right behind you waiting to suck you in . . ."

NO DOUBT REALISING that they're losing badly on points, Devo proceed to dish out that "nothing can ever be pinned down" schtick that made them a bunch of cults to the non-Power Press hacks with critical faculties lax enough to be blinded by the latest bright hype.

When they see me nodding off, the subject gets switched to their music (admittedly an unusual topic to discuss in a rock rag).

"We'll get a good strong response to our album," predicts the Mad Prof confidently. "People'll understand what we're about then."

"Our influences are not drawn from the musical sphere," expands Jerry.

"That'd be like continuing to cook a piece of burnt meat, y'know? We went somewhere else just to be stimulated and brought it all back to the musical sphere, that's all. We're *contributing* . . ."

All this is highly contentious in the light of the Stiff-shipped Devo product that has already appeared. I chuckled till I chundered when I first heard "Jocko Homo" (Jerry: "I take that as a compliment. Thank you.") and I've even heard two little waifs chirping the call-and-response chorus on top of a bus. But "Mongoloid" could have been any one of a thousand pUnK wankers devoid of both taste and talent.

Jerry: "That's a typical spud reaction."

"Satisfaction" sounded as irreverently innovatory as X.T.C.'s version (year, that dull) and "I Saw My Baby Getting Sloppy" tried to prop up one great song title with some soporific Poor Spud's Sparks work-out.

The song's abrasive arrangements, with every instrument self-consciously oblivious to the other's crotchets and quavers progression, and designed for hopefully effective disorientation on the listener's earbuds, brought to mind names synonymous with the early '70s; Roxy Music, Sparks, Eno solo and, of course, Bowie have all done it before, have all done it better.

"Humans live in Western society using the instruments that millions of bumholes like ourselves use," Jerry protests. "You can't be that different. You're all being dealt the same kit, y'know? Everybody's given eight crayons and an eight and half by eleven piece of paper; how many different ways can you go?"

But Devo are supposed to be one, two steps ahead of the pack! You even cashed cheques for signing with both Virgin and Warner Brothers, didn't you? Speak to me lads. You did, didn't you?

"Actually we'd like to cash one of them . . . we never actually signed with Warners but they maintained they had a verbal agreement and took it to court. And because they're so big and powerful, they actually won. So we're on Virgin for Europe and Warners for the rest of the world." Jerry attempts a brave smile. "It was inevitable that Devo would get extended to the business itself."

"Perfection would be 100,000 hippies beating the shit out of each other."

Yeah, you could see it coming all along, right.

"The Pistols brought what was really happening right up to the front page, the whole thing of music being a business, there was more talk about contracts than there was with what was going on with the group. That's the state of the art. The business is so big, so pervasive and so nasty that it had to come to that. Everybody's writing about that stuff because *that's what it is.*"

Devo report that they are getting "reamed" by the business. They chose to market their de-evolution sucker-test in that "toothless old hag, rock 'n' roll" (thanks, David) because it incorporated all the areas where they fancied chancing their cellular structures; capitalism, dance, writing, music, acting and bullshit.

They've had a lot of mileage out of the Iggy/Bowie connection though now the silver spoon appears to be sticking in their gullet somewhat as The Flighty Pap remains esconced in Berlin, a ploughed-field faced hermit in tarty fishnet tights refusing to answer the door to anyone but his lingerie salesman, while Bowie decided he'd rather make *Just A Gigolo* than produce the brothers Devo album and handed the chore over to wretched Eno, unemployed since scoring the *Jubilee* debacle.

Another omen that augurs ill for the future of Devo is the rapturous acclaim with which they've been received by Low Rent critics, *always* a sure sign of imminent commercial prat-fall.

But, most significant of all, under subjection to intensive interrogation Devo saw their entire de-evolution concept getting so sloppy things could never be the same again . . .

"Rebellion is out-moded," Jerry opined. "You fuck around with the corporate structure and you'll just get killed. So the entertainment in that society has gotta take this direction. The middle has been cut out, you've got Devo *here* and Donny and Marie *here* and there's nothing in the middle. There's directly opposing forces that are equally important. The Donny and Marie side is so organised that this side *has* to be. Donny should have married Marie."

"In my heart they're still married," choked Mark. "In my heart they still sleep together . . ."

DURING THE COURSE of a discussion about Jerry's fantasy of sending out sub-sonic frequencies to induce involuntary bowel movements in Devo audiences I happen to mention spiking Iggy with laxatives that he had imagined were amphetamines just prior to his Rainbow dates last year.

"That's total Devo!"

"He told us that all through the shows he had to keep leaving the stage to have a shit behind the amps!"

"But he didn't know why!"

"That is *total* Devo," smirks Jerry enviously. "We *must* do what I said with the sub-sonic frequencies . . . we could hand out diapers before our shows with the lyrics printed on them! They'll get obliterated as the show progresses!"

"After all," says Jerry Casale, "Devo are just a laxative . . ."

Hey, Jerry, you told me earlier that it was all about de-evolution and the personification of all human tendencies at this point in time. What's happened to all that stuff, huh?

". . . Uh . . . like . . . if the spud fits wear it," he sighs resignedly. "It's all just a riff — not to take anything away from it! — but it's all just a riff, it's all going on in a hall somewhere. This kind of thing *doesn't* happen everyday, it's *removed* from real life . . . that's why you laughed at us . . ."

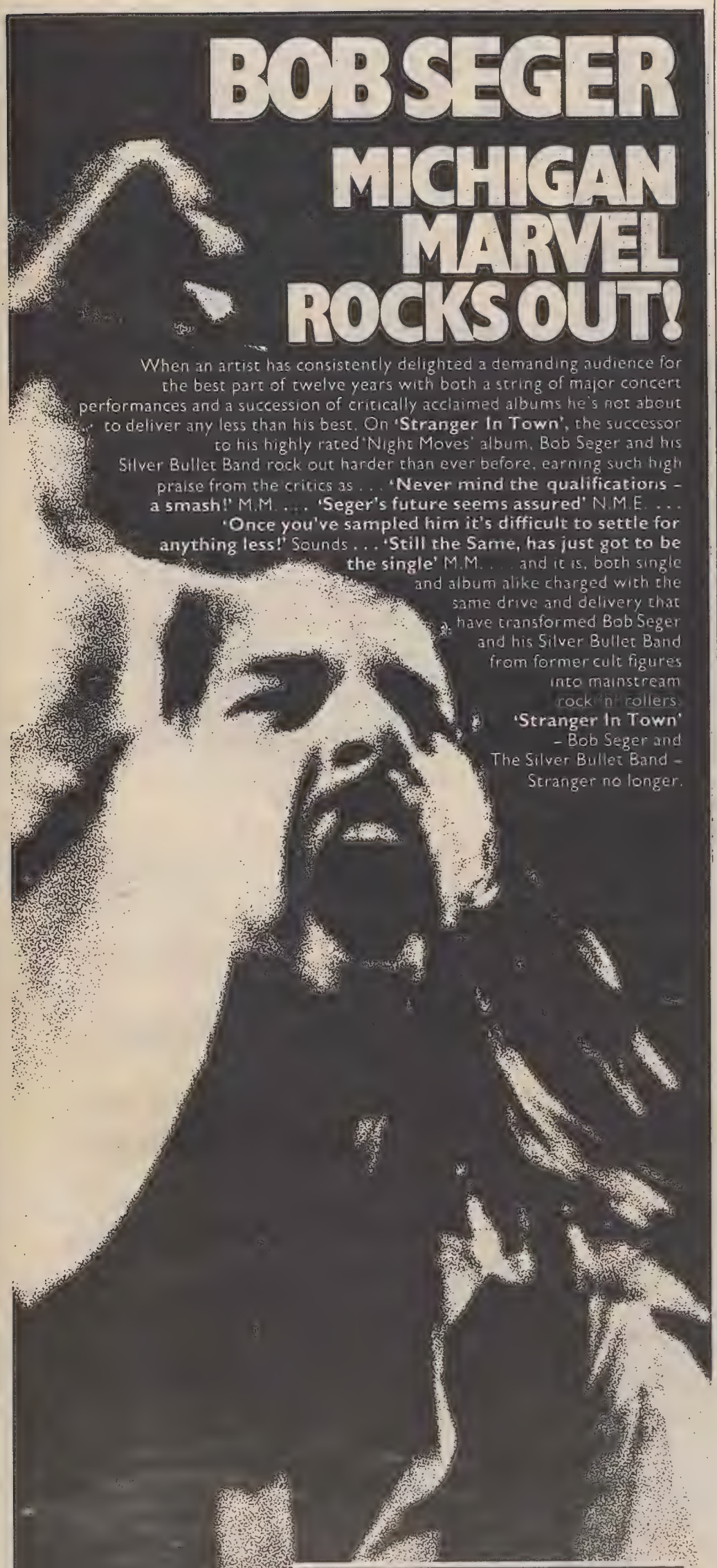
How you gonna keep 'em down on the rubber plantation now that they've seen it's all just useless information trying to fire their imaginations?

Case dismissed.

BOB SEGER MICHIGAN MARVEL ROCKS OUT!

When an artist has consistently delighted a demanding audience for the best part of twelve years with both a string of major concert performances and a succession of critically acclaimed albums he's not about to deliver any less than his best. On **'Stranger In Town'**, the successor to his highly rated 'Night Moves' album, Bob Seger and his Silver Bullet Band rock out harder than ever before, earning such high praise from the critics as . . . **'Never mind the qualifications – a smash!'** M.M. . . . **'Seger's future seems assured'** N.M.E. . . . **'Once you've sampled him it's difficult to settle for anything less!'** Sounds . . . **'Still the Same, has just got to be the single'** M.M. . . . and it is, both single and album alike charged with the same drive and delivery that have transformed Bob Seger and his Silver Bullet Band from former cult figures into mainstream rock 'n' rollers.

'Stranger In Town'
– Bob Seger and The Silver Bullet Band – Stranger no longer.



Capitol

On Capitol Records & Tapes

IMPORTS

GADZOOKS, I hear you say — a *Timebox* album? Surely they didn't make one?

True, but some highly intelligent being connected with the Peters International label of New York has at last collated the 10 sides that Timebox cut for Deram, the result being "The Original Moose On The Loose", a fascinating slice of vinyl that documents the doings of Mike Patto, Ollie Halsall, Clive Griffiths, John Halsey and Clive Holmes in that era before Holmes split and the band moved on to become Patto.

"Beggin'" is included, of course. The only hit the band ever had (that's if you consider 38th position in the charts a hit status), this '68 cut of a Four Seasons' biggie sounds dated but delectable; more abrasive than the Seasons' original, with tough brass lines dissecting the cello-dominated string arrangement, Halsall adding his vibes to a conga and tambourine-assisted rhythm section.

The band's versions of Tim Hardin's "Don't Make Promises" and Leon Huff's "Girl, Don't Make Me Wait" are also included — but the ace track is undoubtedly "Poor Little Heartbreaker", (once the B side to "Baked Jam Roll In Your Eye"), a tough but tight little rocker that wouldn't sound amiss on a current Stiff single. If "Hard Up Heroes" proved to be your idea of cornucopia, then you'll probably house a stray copy of "Original Moose On The Loose" with love and affection.

Erwin Novak, like some other Austrian whose name escapes me, claims that he's a house-painter when not drum-thrashing for *Novaks Kapelle,* whose debut album "Naked" (Ariola) has finally been allowed to leave the factory.

Kapelle aren't the type of band you could take home to mother. They've garbed their album in a sleeve decorated by a bevy of gross nudes and included a lyric sheet just in case their accents cause you to miss their sensitive statements.

The pity about Kapelle is that when they're not engaged in being outrageous merely to establish a reputation as Viennese meanies — their past exploits are said to include sending their non-playing roadies on to play one of their gigs and recording a version of "In The Summertime" with rain effects simulated by the foursome urinating in a bucket filled with studio gear — Kapelle sound like a solid rock unit, albeit one that's spent too much time listening to substandard Zappa. But at least they prove that Austria isn't all zithers down the sewer or waltz-time on the Danube. So good luck to 'em, that's my sentiments.

Ann Peebles, **a fine singer who seems destined to become a one-hit wonder as far as this country's concerned, emerges once more with "The Handwriting Is On The Wall" (Hi), while *Lionel Hampton,* the veteran jazz vibesman, who recently recorded a Carnegie Hall concert with his old boss Benny Goodman just 40 years after they played their first Carnegie gig together, has switched from Brunswick to Laurie for "Saturday Night Jazz Fever", a Ted Macero-arranged workout on such material as "How Deep Is Your Love?", "Night Fever" and "Stayin' Alive".**

Which gives rise to the thought — did Hamp pick up the wrong set of B.G. scores somewhere along the way?

Fred Dellar

BIG STAR
No 1 Record / Radio City (Stax)

APPROXIMATELY FOUR and five years (respectively) after their initial release, the 'legendary' Big Star albums — they became legendary when they became hard to get — are finally released in dear old Blighty and one might commence by slyly wondering whether they might have changed the destiny of rock and roll's most arid period (the mid-'70s) had they been put out here wayback when.

I doubt it, comes the resigned reply. Anyway, Big Star were one of a select few bands — Eric Carmen's Raspberries, Michael (Left Banke) Brown's Stories and the overrated (quoth I) Blue Ash — who in the early '70s attempted to redress the balance against the great heavy metal stupour that was reigning supreme over the American teenage audience. These bands chose instead to live en masse inside a tuinol, playing strong, abrasive, melodic, brusquely paced and timed rock with strong Anglophile pop leanings.

They all failed ultimately in commercial terms — even The Raspberries, who'd been blessed with a couple of hit records — but theirs was a brave and musically potent style that, situated in the wasteland years of teen depression, was both too far ahead (aloha 'powerpop') and too far behind its time (these bands could easily have passed as peers of The Byrds and their ilk).

Of this courageous number, Big Star from Memphis were definitely the most talented — indeed, probably one of the ten best rock bands of this decade — and, suffice to say, it is good to have these records out here at a time when the US pressings have long been deleted. The repackaging is agreable enough, with both superb original sleeve designs represented, the rear shot from "Radio City" and adequate *(Max Bell doesn't think so — Ed.)* sleeve notes from one Jerry Gilbert.

One striking fact that this pairing spotlights is the realisation that "Radio City" is far superior to the first album and that

NOVA TWO

Three of four Star men waiting on Stax . . .

The Rebirth Of Big Star

both volumes denote the presence of genius in the shape of leader Alex Chilton.

Chilton, teenage whizz kid singer for The Box Tops, returned from New York after royalties from "The Letter" and "Cry Like A Baby" had run out to hometown Memphis to join old buddies Chris Bell, Jody Stephens and Andy Hummel.

The 12 tracks of "No 1 Record" are all credited to Chilton and Bell and, though the latter had some strong melodic ideas, it was evidently Chilton's powers as a composer of primo teen anthems that gave the set its edge. Chilton was primarily responsible for its best moments: the chiming Byrds-like sublimity of "Ballad Of El Goodo"; the melodious teen angst of "Thirteen" and "In The Street".

Indeed, all the tracks on side one are nothing less than gorgeous, starting with the Led-Zeppelin-meets-pure-pop consciousness of "Feel" through all the aforementioned gems to bassist Hummel's sweetly incongruous "India Song". Side two unfortunately isn't as powerful, with only Chilton's "Watch The Sunrise" worth mentioning above a ream of fairly mediocre pop tunes.

"Radio City" is *the* masterpiece though. Chris Bell had exited in an ugly mood at this point, leaving Chilton at the helm — although two songs, "O My Soul" and "Back Of A Car", bore the mark of his craftmanship (he refused credit, apparently).

So it's Chilton's album. There's a dark misogynistic malevolence to "Life Is White" which, abetted by wheezing harmonica and a stunning melody, is redolent of "Highway 61" Dylan whilst "What's Goin' Ahn" possesses a dolefully melodious, sublimely sorrowful air. "You Get What You Deserve" is Chilton burning with quiet-fire vengeance.

Side two is more rock-orientated with "Mod Lang" and its sly stringing together of old blues cliches (mod. lang. = modern language) over a potent, steady lope. "Back Of A Car" is simply exquisite pop-rock. "Daisy Glaze" is introspective and weird whilst "She's A Mover" drives with an almost sardonic recklessness. The highspot though is Chilton's version of the perfect rock song, "September Gurls", a kind of '70s "Pretty Flamingo" — sheer careening infectiousness.

Chilton chooses to close the album in an odd way, with two short tracks, one a rather soppy love tune, the other a disturbing piece entitled "Morpha Too", that would later bear witness to Chilton's harrowing artistic deterioration as amply illustrated on the third Big Star album, itself soon to be released by Aura Records and the subject of an imminent Max Bell retrospective.

Chilton is a frustrating case to behold these days — a kind of Arthur Lee of the '70s whose previous displays of genius make his subsequent trivial creations all the more perplexing and annoying to behold. But he had his day, sure enough, and "Radio City" is up there with Elvis Costello, The Sex Pistols, The Ramones, et al. as a '70s rock masterpiece, 24 carat variety.

Hopefully the attention this release will draw could spark a creative renaissance on his part. Or not, as the case may be. Meanwhile, a note to Stax. Release "September Gurls" as a single and grant 1978 a summer hit to be proud of.

Nick Kent

ALBUMS

Laura Nyro: The face remains the same, but the curtains change

A Change Is As Good As A Nest

True? ☐ False? ☐

LAURA NYRO
Nested (CBS Import)

THERE IS a particular type of songstress who feels the need, once a year, to commit her emotional diaries to vinyl. The purpose and merits of this public laundry are obscure. Maybe we're supposed to draw some conclusion or strength from the romantic foibles of others. Agony columns only ever make me laugh.

Laura Nyro was putting her agony into song when Joni Mitchell was still singing "Blowing In The Wind" at local coffee bars. She made it work too, on four classic, stormy albums of the late '60s — when the torch-ballad mistress was an unknown commodity — with soul roots, an unequalled rawness of expression, and one of the best R&B voices ever on her side.

Then she retired to marriage and the midwest for five years, and became a cult. Observe the racks in record shops over the next few weeks. See the odd punter go glassy-eyed over the N bin as he spies a very young looking Laura on the cover of this album. And know that you are witness to a kind of devotional awe few artists can inspire.

Just be glad you don't have to watch the poor sod's heart sink when he or she gets their treasure home. The intervening years have not proved good for Laura Nyro's constitution. The come-back, "Smile", passed the litmus test because of a crystal production, and because, well, it was good to have her back. Last year's live album was a waiting game, and this does nothing to resolve it. Instead it sinks further into chintzy domesticity and a romantic slush that Ms Nyro should never have come to. The faint aroma of scented candles on "Smile" is now claustrophobic.

She's no longer living in the slum tenderloin, and this is no "New York Tenderberry" either. Lovers used to arrive via the tenement fire escape, now they home in on all sorts of mystical wavelengths.

Frankie shot Johnny because Johnny cheated, and Laura don't blame her. *"I'd a done it too, you hear that?"* She howled. These days she'd probably view the event with enlightenment and maturity, and then pine on soppily.

Not that this is a bad album — its midnight smoothness won't curdle your cocoa — but "Nested" is just so uninspired. That voice and those Philly harmonies still make me go weak at the knees but nothing breaks out the goose-flesh.

The most she can do here is imbue the adjective 'crazy' with a feeling of warm desirability. Once upon a time she would belt out a whole album like she was going to explode.

Perhaps it has something to do with this "Nested" condition. What does it mean? Was she brought up with pigeons? Did one fall on her head (a nest, that is)? Does she intend it to mean a special feeling, something like the one they try to sell you in central heating ads?

This sounds like a Joni Mitchell or a Carole King album. I don't know which is worse.

All I know is it'll blend in fine with your wallpaper. Maybe I'll re-decorate, just to keep my hopes up.

Paul Rambali

THE GODZ
The Godz (RCA)

THERE is a peculiar vision that still persists in the minds of a great many rock fans — that of the guitar/boogie heroes loaded with long-hair machismo and preferably accompanied by as many visual special effects as possible. It's the old idea of the great space escape, the search for the awesome and the spectacular, the absolute fantasy.

One would have thought that by now this currency was corrupt, outdated, even laughable. But not so — apparently there is a clamouring horde of HM junkies out there screaming for a fresh fix of old-fashioned overkill.

This is the market for which The Godz have been created; this album stinks of the consumer-orientated concept. The Godz aim straight at the Kiss/Aerosmith following — absurdly heavy rock rifferama punctured at regular intervals with standard issue screaming guitar solos, with the odd grandiose chord sequence thrown in to convey that necessary touch of majesty . . . you know the stuff.

It's an old, old formula. Old and boring. The Godz play the stuff pretty well, of course, in a studied kind of way that makes you feel that each note hit is so many dollars stashed away. They manage at rare intervals to inject just a small amount of zest, but only often enough to highlight the album's general level of tedium.

It's pretty easy to laugh at and ignore this crap, but there are some nasty asides to this kind of blatant market manipulation. To begin with, the packaging is lowest common denominator stuff at its worst. The cover, were it not meant to be taken seriously by some young headbanger, is a masterpiece of kitsch, featuring a golden chariot swooping through a shadowy canyon covered in Daniken-esque symbols — Chariot Of The Godz, geddit?

Awesome stuff, eh? It gives you some idea of the kind of mentality this dreck is pitched at. Also disgusting is the manner in which the lyrics exploit in the crassest possible way the adolescent craving for transcendence. Try these, for instance: *"Godz are rock'n'roll junkies . . . we know we're killin' ourselves . . . rock'n'roll has made us into machines . . . we can't see straight, can't think straight . . . can't hear straight . . . but we're Godz . . . the Godz are rock'n'roll machines, machines, machines . . ."*.

The Godz are a package, and a package put together by people who have no respect whatsoever for the people for whom they intend it. The depressing thing is that this is the kind of contemptible mind rot that seems to sell extremely well. When you see a copy, spit on it.

Philip Hayes

Nuts 'N' Jolts?

The Jolt making life hard for caption writers

THE JOLT
The Jolt (Polydor)

***"WHATCHA GONNA DOOO ABOUT IT?"* THAT was a good single a few weeks back, lending a burst of youth and arrogance to The Small Faces' classic. All I knew of The Jolt then was that they'd supported The Jam a few times and were a three-piece, presumably sharing some similarities with the headliners.**

Suddenly, here's the debut album, and the band take shape as three young Glaswegians who emerged largely out of the new wave but, in common with The New Hearts and Advertising, were initially trampled on because they didn't conform.

Cut off from the elite London scene, their roots in R&B with a noisy mod slant (as if The Jam grew up listening to The Small Faces insead of The Who), The Jolt have been largely ignored for the last 18 months.

And they appear to have put their time in exile to good use. This album's raw and young and flawed but, coming as it did out of nowhere, a gross shock to my monophonic R&B ears. The cover's an essential first impression; lovingly laminated, announcing a microgroove flexibility record, it looks like a genuine 1965 archetype right down to the moody front photo, spoilt only by the group forgetting to wear inch-wide ties.

To complete the image, they might have recorded in grotty mono with artificial scratches. Instead you get a rich, ambitious, textured sound, achieved by adding a second guitar track and coming on like a fluent fourpiece. The opening cut, "Mr Radio Man", is instantly attractive, a snarling swipe at musically sterile rock radio and indifferent disc-jockeys. "I Can't Wait" and "No Excuses" are efficient enough but unfortunately rather too reminiscent of The Jam circa "In The City".

That's the most obvious trap The Jolt might fall into, trying to outdo their label-mates and coming off decisively second-best. "Chains" is catchy teenage angst, smooth melody but lyrically somewhat simplistic. That's not necessarily a bad thing, of course, and the fat, jangling guitar sound covers the track's weaknesses. The vocals are on much safer ground when Robbie Collins sings rather than growls.

"Decoyed," a brief, exuberant thrash, held back only by some cautious drumming, closes the first side breathlessly. You're just remembering there haven't been any slow songs yet as they count their way solemnly into side two with "I'm Leaving".

It's another of their better songs; no complexities in the chorus, brisk rhythm and again the slightly Weller-ish verses. "Everybody's The Same" is more unusual, jerking and jangling alternatively with lyrics deeply resentful of new wave institutionalisation.

"In My Time" sounds like The Pretty Things discovering reggae until you get to the casual pop chorus. "Hard Lines" is a classic boy-hates-girl scenario with a more pedestrian tune. By this time the steady restrained rhythm of most tracks is becoming wearing, especially as writing an all-out rocker or moody ballad is clearly not beyond them.

The wistful romanticism of "(Can't You Tell) It's Over" would have been more sharply felt at three-quarter speed, just as the final track "All I Can Do" loses impact by slapping the brakes on after an enthusiastic intro. Good song, though, with Collins taking a few seconds for a short, trebly guitar solo.

It's fair to say that the occasional Jam influences didn't occur to me the first time I heard the album. This record's great chunk of noisy, young dance music and, for me, one of the biggest surprises of the year. I've only been looking for faults and mistakes because the follow-up could be so much better.

Kim Davis

BEN SIDRAN
A Little Kiss In The Night (Arista)

BEN SIDRAN'S second album for Arista finds him moving further into a jazz context and further away from those rock idioms with ethnic overtones which have characterised most of his work since leaving the dying embers of Steve Miller's first period for a solo seat.

Sidran, like performers as diverse as Tom Waits, David Bromberg, Ry Cooder and Taj Mahal, has a neat line in resuscitating the arcane or the worthy and doing it the honour of reintroducing the material to a new audience unfamiliar with the original. Like those others, Sidran also chooses his back-ups with taste and an ear for the right sound.

The real let down is ironically Dr Ben hisself. He tootles along in brisk fettle on acoustic piano, mostly subsidiary to the horn work (always good) of David Woodford and Phil Woods, but his vocals leave a lot to be desired.

Sidran's base influences are Bud Powell in the ivories and Hoagy Carmichael (you remember Hoagy) in the phrasing and delivery sections. Unfortunately, Ben fudges the vocals by dint of his inability to maintain any degree of interest or flexibility in the singing nuance. You soon begin to expect the imminent arrival of clinking glasses and general hubbub in the background.

Taking it from the top, the title track is pleasant in a fussy and hurried way; the melody is clever but the dressing up on the arrangement is a distraction, particularly as Sidran and engineer John Mills elect for a safe and flat production throughout.

I guess the guy tries hard, but in fact this album indicates that Ben Sidran is simply out of his depth in his current endeavours to increase his sophistication count. At best he'll end up by night-clubbing himself to death.

Max Bell

From left to right: Prince Hammer, Ranking Trevor and Prince Far I *All pix: DENNIS MORRIS*

Smiling Men With Bad Reputations?

No Toasts For These Toasters

PRINCE HAMMER
Bible (Virgin Front Line)
RANKING TREVOR
In Fine Style (Virgin Front Line)
PRINCE FAR I AND THE ARABS
Message From The King (Virgin Front Line)

IN THE words of Prince Far I himself: "This one's straight to the oppressors head y'know?"

Here we go again. Head throbbing, nausea and acute depression. The cause? Six sides of Front Line deejay albums.

Of these three abortions not *one* should have reached the pressing stage. As a direct result of being tortured by them (admittedly by self-induction), I think, I *know* that I never want to hear another talkover album ever again.

There are now something like a dozen albums of this drivel currently masquerading as "Superior Music" (Virgin's propaganda, not mine). All have made, or will make the reggae charts. Success by saturation? Never mind the quality, hog the market.

In the absence of that rare commodity entertainment, I'm tempted to quote the entire sleeve notes from Hammer's "Bible", but I'll spare you the aching ribs. This comedy sketch, unbelievably attributed to Linton Kwesi Johnson (he of Poet And The Roots fame), manages to use the word 'lyricism' in one form or another no less than six times.

Unfortunately the records themselves do not cause such mirth. Quite the opposite in fact. At the onslaught I waded in with a healthy interest in Prince Hammer, a soft spot for Ranking Trevor and a by-gone, neo-fan worship for Prince Far I. Scrambling out the other side, I now hate all three with a passion equalling my hey-day enthusiasm for this 'Dread-lyricism' (Thank you, Poet).

Subjecting oneself to such empty wafflings is nothing short of masochism. I'm straining to conjure up some constructive criticism so that the exercise won't be completely fruitless.

Prince Hammer, some advice. Stop trying to imitate Dillinger *and* warble at the same time. Learn how to breathe. Don't use rude words for 'backside' as you do on the album's last track (title too insignificant to mention). Leave The Morwells' classic "Crab Race" song alone.

Ranking Trevor, some advice. Stick to short snappy toasts of decent rockers vocal backing tracks (like your Diamonds stuff). Or help a few 12" singles along. Think of something interesting to talk about *before* you enter a studio next time. Some of Joseph Hoo Kim's productions are quite — how you say? — 'Well dread', and shouldn't be wasted.

Prince Far I, some advice. Dig out a copy of your first album, "Under Heavy Manners", the one that Joe Gibbs produced, that featured Culture and that is *still* not officially available here (eh, Virgin?). Listen to it and hear why it's my favourite deejay platter of all time. We've already heard the Bible recited all the way through your second album, "Psalms Far I"; we don't want to suffer again.

For further recitation consult Hammer's single "Bible", the one good track from his debut set. The title track from Far I's current album was a JA 45; it ironically features Culture again and is — you guessed it — the only worthwhile track from his album too.

Now more than ever we need you, Jah Wobble. Come Forward!

John Gray

RINGO STARR
Bad Boy (Polydor)

RINGO IS Ringo. Unlike Bowie, Dylan and their ilk who try on and discard personae as often as they change their socks, Ringo's personality has stayed pretty much the same for the last 16 years, and his music tends to reaffirm this consistency. Whether he was singing country or cabaret, it was the music which was altered by the encounter, not Ringo.

"Bad Boy" is mainstream pop, and he does it well. Amiable performances of pleasant songs, carried along by a backbone of solid skin-bashing that is Ringo's hallmark (this is the man who put The Beat into The Beatles).

He compiles the album with care. Standard pop by such as Gallagher and Lyle, Peter Skellern and Ian McLagan mixed with slightly more unusual fare like a Lil Armstrong tune and a reworking of the Supremes' "Where Did Our Love Go".

But Ringo's great strength is his unpretentiousness. It means he can do a smarmy song like "Heart On My Sleeve" and, by singing it absolutely straight, he cuts out all the insinuating smugness of the original.

Other highlights are "Tonight", a fine love song, and the self-penned "Old Time Reloving", though most of the album maintains a high level of enjoyment.

I have a good deal of affection for "Bad Boy". Compare this to The Rutles or "London Town" and Ringo knocks them both for six. Innes and McCartney are now mere dilettantes, but Ringo has character. Middle-age pop it may be, but he makes it with warmth, modesty and humour. Something of The Beatles' spirit lives on in the darker recesses of these songs.

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Graham Lock

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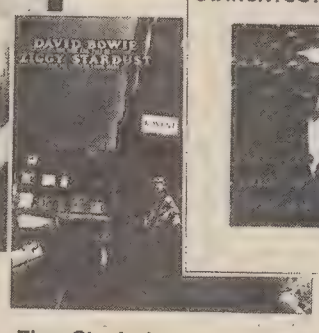

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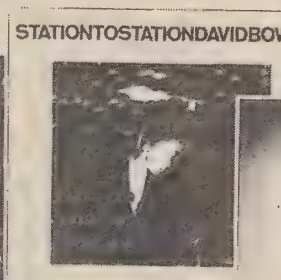

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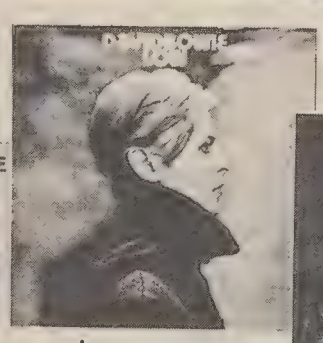

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COLIN TOWNS
Full Circle (Virgin)

NOT REALLY a soundtrack album, "Full Circle" is the complete score written and performed by Colin Towns for the recent lukewarm chiller of the name starring Mia Farrow.

It was composed 'sight unseen', Towns working from the script, so it tends to be gratuitously graphic — the birdies tweeting and the kids bleating during the long intro to "Park", for instance, are an irritatingly obvious Floyd-type aural ploy. As *Full Circle* is a poor man's *Don't Look Now*, so Towns' "Main Theme" — a suitably haunting piano motif — is vaguely similar to Pino Donaggio's for Nicolas Roeg's film.

But the arsenal of electronic bloopers and bleepers deployed by Towns (keyboardist with the Ian Gillan Band) is only other-worldly in that it's ultimately alienating. And side two never recovers from "Olivia", an unutterably slushy, turgid love song which, unsurprisingly, never made the movie.

Dmitri Tiomkin

ARETHA FRANKLIN

Almighty Fire (Atlantic)

THIS IS sad. Aretha can sing "woh-oh" as movingly as anyone in the world, but she can never have screamed it so frequently and with such little justification as she does here. Half the time, she sounds like she's on the verge of hysteria.

It's the fault, I guess, of a mismatch of talents. Her own, and those of Curtis Mayfield, who writes all but one track, plays lead guitar and produces the album. He does her no justice whatsoever. The low-key backings are more attuned to his own singing style — lovely swoops and delicate breathiness — than to Aretha's full-blooded emoting, which would be better served by something a mite more dramatic.

All she gets here is a subdued discoesque muzak, furnished with dreadfully mundane lyrics. And in her desperate attempts to inject a little excitement, Aretha relinquishes all thoughts of control, tension or subtlety. The result is frantic parody, a passionate intensity that lacks all conviction.

It also suggests a female performer constricted by a male-dominated industry — singing male lyrics with male musicians on a male-produced album.

"Almighty Fire" is snuffed out by the vacuum in its soul.

It's no surprise to find that the backing tracks were recorded in Chicago and the lead vocals added in California. But there's a lot more than distance separating these two facets of the album.

With no centre, the thing just falls apart. More boredom is loosed upon the world.

Graham Lock

SPIRIT
Live (Illegal)

Goodbye To Rock And All That

(For Another Year At Least)

Spirit say it again — nature's way *Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY*

SPIRIT are apt to bob head above surface every so often.

Remember 1975 with their academically beautiful pop set standard "Spirit of '76", a reverent, chilling analysis of American (rock and roll) spiritual develōpment which had an atmosphere of dream and touch and which can still claim classic almost epic stature?

Surface reputation dwindled from there through the slightly more physical and, er, 'realistic' "Farther Along" — but Spirit still had the tightest, most fervent core cult prepared to collect, chatter and worship. So learned too — my own presence within this box is of a flimsy premise and has no perspective of legend or legacy. Just a mild addiction. It's no good aiming to communicate to the multitude who'll grab in disbelief copies of the newest edition of *Dark Star* magazine for the Spirit flexi-disc. What's needed is to pad out the cult.

The position in '78 is that Spirit have an immutable following; a groove growing deep channelled through changing fashion; an unchanged central quality; Spirit will not easily disappear.

Spirit are a band of dualities. Their humanistic concern with degradation, deviation and existence is patrolled by haunting, lingering rock music whose subtleties, reflective arrangements and comfortable catchy melodies seem almost to want to disguise the actual value and content of the songs.

And yet if their music has definite impressionistic patterns about it, listening to this new product it seemed that this tangible trait can often be blasted away by a passage of apparently insensitive and inarticulate heavy metal.

Cruel to confront Spirit with this impulsive jibe when it's based on what is no more than a compilation of signs and times, ostensibly a present for fans while the group reflects and plans: a live album, a mark in time. Yet it does seem that Spirit's adaption to modern themes blends their heady pastel excursions with a blunt and disturbing hard centre instead of something more insular, alienating, innovative.

Slowing down, giving Spirit the benefit of the doubt. This record is obviously performed excitedly. Riffy indulgences and solos, though not condoned, cannot be condemned. In a way, the album is a record of a celebration (at The Rainbow earlier this year). A few listens can discern it's a representative example of Spirit's movements; it's not very well balanced but it is a success to some extent.

There is no hint of radical future developments, but a new piece, "Looking Down", though not introducing novel elements, has a medium strength, neat variants in pace and texture; it sustains Spirit's method of communicating contradictions through music and words without resorting to noise or pointlessness (solos). It proves there is no degeneration. The emergent mood of this, the opening track, is desperation and glee, almost one of subdued hysteria; it leaves mixed feelings.

The only Jay Ferguson track on the record, "Animal Zoo", lays out a childish sense of the absurd, a sense that has long streaked Spirit's work. All Spirit's vectors are represented on the album: mystique; tenderness; hazy aggression.

The pretty, worldweary "Nature's Way" is the enigma of Spirit; "Hollywood Dream" the purest Spirit rock'n'roll; "It's All The Same" the insinuating Spirit psychedelia.

The one perhaps unnecessary track on the album is a humping runthrough of "Wild Thing". Taken in the context of "Spirit of '76", it's a drastic mistake but, taken in the context of this record, it's sheer goodwill.

"Wild Thing" closes the album. During this, Randy California, whose vocal clarity and phrasing is consistently immaculate, invites the audience back to their hotel for chat and adulation. At first, I thought this album was simply a souvenir for those people, and the hardcore nuts who couldn't make it. In fact, it's meatier than that. It is the best cross-sample of the band you're likely to get.

As it is, certainly infallible and maybe in a creative cul-de-sac, it's still the best traditional(?) American rock record made this year bar those of Dylan and Cooder. That's not bad for a rushed live record.

Moods and mythologies. Things we British flounder on.

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THE TOOLS OF THE TRADE

The church hall scourge revisited

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"AND WHAT happened then?" asked the Kid. "Well," said the Aged Veteran, "by this time you could get imported American guitars. All them Hofner Committees and Presidents and Futuramas went in the broom cupboard and we stole the money to score a new Yankee axe. By Christ, they made a difference."

"What about amplifiers?" asked the Kid.

"That was different," said the Veteran. "See, we was still stuck with undersized Brit amps — like the Watkins Dominator. OK for your front room, but not much cop in church halls."

"Church halls?" repeated the Kid, smiling faintly.

"Had to play somewheres", muttered the Vet, chewing the tail of his shirt in some embarrassment.

"Never mind," said the Kid charitably. "You were telling me about amplifiers."

"Not much to tell," said the Veteran. "See, us Brits hadn't got round to the idea that you had to have amplification to match the guitars. The Yanks knew it all right — they already had a full range of twin-speaker amps — the Fender Showman/Bassman/Twin Reverb range. But none of us could afford gear like that. We had to wait for a British firm to make a comparable unit."

"Was this the Vox?" asked the Kid eagerly, for with his taut mentality he remembered the original purpose of the conversation.

"Nope", said his aged mentor. "First there was a thing called the Selmer Selectatone. Thirty watts. Twin speakers, pretty grille. Tremolo and reverb. Push-button tone-selectors."

"Sound good?" asked the Kid.

"Terrible", said the Veteran. "Well, no, I suppose they was OK. But they never had much of a chance once the Vox hit the market."

"You mean, the early Voxes sounded better," prompted the Kid.

"Nope", said the Vet. "Can't say they did. But they *looked* much better. Soon as I saw a photo of the Shads with a line-up of Voxes I went right out and kicked a hole in my Selectatone. Never got no credit for it, though. I mean, five years later guys was getting their own photos in the paper for doing just that, twice a night."

"Keep to the point," said his interlocutor.

"Well, there was this range of beautiful amps on chrome purpose-built stands. Fine gold-wire grilles. Stunning black cabinets. The discreet VOX in the upper corner. Against a backdrop like that even a Futurama might look OK. I had to have one.

"After a while, all sorts of rumours began to reach us ground-level guys. Like how the AC 30 was nuts, but the AC 30 TB was something really extra.

"TB meaning Top Boost, I take it," murmured the Kid.

"On the button," said the Veteran. "Anyway, not long after that, me and Paddy McNosebleed heard of a consignment coming in to Rushworth and Dreaper -"

"Who?"

"A Liverpool music store. Like I was saying, me and Paddy hijacked the lorry and collared the merchandise."

Early Stones with pulsating backdrop of 30 watt electronics

"A complete set of Vox amplifiers?"

"Well, no", confessed the Vet. "Six tons of plectrums and 30,000 copies of the piano music for 'Walking Back To Happiness'. We had to buy the Voxes in the end.

"The complete lineup was: one AC 30, one 18" Foundation Bass, and one AC 30 Top Boost. The amps were self-contained, just like the small Fenders — all except the Foundation Bass, which was a split unit.

"As a matter of fact, the Foundation Bass was too boomy and mellow to operate in the middle registers. Mind you, we was using it with a Gibson EBO bass, which only has one pickup. It would have been better with a Fender Precision, or something with a bit more cut to the tone.

"We used the ordinary AC 30 for rhythm. It was OK — not that much better than the Selmer, as I recall. Limited on the tone range. But that was because they had just this one rotary switch. One way for full bass, the other for full treble. Except that there wasn't much treble. But it looked shit-hot, and anyway, Paddy could only play two chords and the opening lick of 'Rebel Rouser'. He didn't need anything else.

"I, on the other hand, had the AC 30 Top Boost."

THE VETERAN lay back in the easy chair. His one remaining eye took on a dreamy aspect. After a minute the Kid jabbed him in the stomach. The Veteran continued.

"This was the best amplifier ever made, for its size. The "throw" was fantastic. And it was strong. You could drop it, knock it over, and it would keep right on thrumming. What an amp! Good range of tone, plenty treble, deep, satisfying, orgasmic bass. But it was the power that amazed me. They never equalled it until the days of the Hundred Watt Stack."

"But surely," said the Kid, "it was only 30 watts?"

"So they said," said the Veteran, darkly. "And maybe it was more.

"There was all sorts of things you could do to make them even better. If you tilted them 45 degrees backwards they acted like their own monitors, as well as projecting right to the back of the room — any room. If you stood them on chairs (me, I couldn't afford the pretty chrome stands) they were even better. If you altered the voltage selector from 220-240 to 110 you got slightly less power but the most amazing distorted sustain you ever heard. And they always kept right on going.

"By this time all the big groups had complete Vox lineups. The Beatles, Stones, The Dave Clark Five. AC 50s, mind, not 30s. To my mind that was a mistake. The 30 was always better. And then AC 100's. Worse still. All you got was a bigger cabinet and more equipment — not a bigger sound. Oh sure, more volume — but if it was pure, razzy volume you wanted, not precision cut, then you were better off with a 100, I guess. But by this time groups were playing big auditoriums, and the 30 was no good for those, unless you miked them up. It was a club amp, pure and simple — the best club amp ever made.

"I know," smirked the Kid. "I've bought one".

"You have?" said the Veteran, with immediate interest. "A 30, or a 30 Top Boost?"

"I'm not sure. How can you tell the difference?"

The Veteran rolled his eye, kissed his fingertips, ruffled his hair, flung wide his arms and shouted aloud in his emotion. "How can you *tell*? Why, plug the bleeder *in*!"

"I already have," confessed the Kid. "But I still can't tell."

"Has it gone a single tone control, or one for bass and a separate one for treble?"

"Two controls for tone."

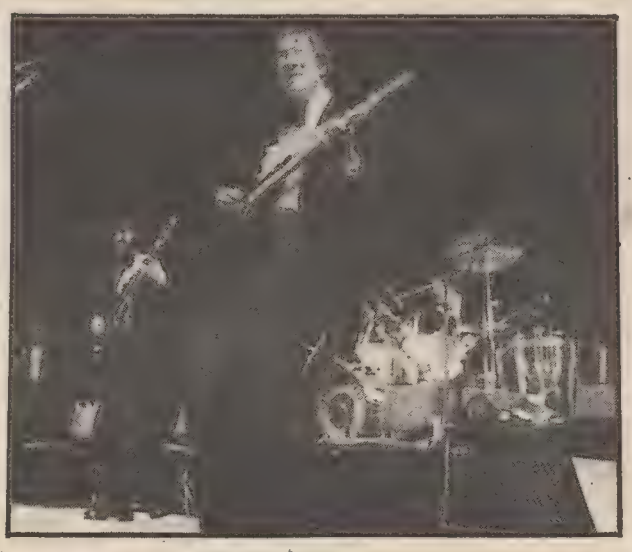
"Then it's a 30 Top Boost," said the Veteran. "Treat it with care. How much," he added. "did you pay for it?"

"Three," said the Kid.

"Three hundred?" asked the Vet., in awe. "By Christ, that's double the price I paid, way back." "Three thousand," said the Kid. "Gallagher wouldn't sell for less."

The Veteran was silent, Rising to his feet, he went over to the window and pulled the curtains. Then he locked the door. 'I'm sorry, kid', he said with grim gentleness. 'But where I come from, folks kill for that kind of money.

"Just relax and you won't feel a thing."



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ON

LEEDS CITY SHOCKER

The Clash

LEEDS

BANDS DON'T play Leeds Queen's Hall for the music; they do it strictly for the loot. Specifically designed for exhibitions of the Earls Court non-rock variety, the atmosphere and acoustics are so zero it's like hearing long distance discs and looking at insectile imposters from the far end of a vast aircraft hanger.

When The Stranglers played here last October (on a night which clashed with the Leeds Live Stiff sell-out) 4,500 showed up and Hugh Cornwell was all but embarrassed that his band had achieved such a mass mandate, saying (very unconvincingly), "This is as big as we want it to get. We don't ever want to play to more people than this."

Similarly (no doubt) The Clash and their promoters hoped for a repeated comprehensive turnout. But the venue was chosen as badly as the original punk ethic was abused.

The frugal hundreds who came hardly justified the extravagance of the setting; in a word, this Clash concert *failed.* 1Not because their musical significance has declined or because they can't exite or don't have substantial promise — but just because someone somewhere over-rated their drawing power (though it's probably an indication that The Clash's superior punk is going the way of all the other species' rather than a straight forward representation of the band's relevance rating.)

With Suicide having pulled out of the support slot, a lot of people were feeling a little put upon having to make do with Siouxsie Banshee and Chelsea, the bands whose job it was to kill some time and close some open spaces. They made the best of it, though, and helped to generate some kind of tension for the City Rockers — the rest being supplied by a phoney intermission comprising some frenzied punk waxings and a shakey hand on the lights network, leading ultimately, to the Meserschmitt/Notting Hill projected backdrop and the band's definitive entree.

Always one of the more charismatic of the new bands, The Clash, as ever, looked good; Mick Jones in white straights, blouse and red waistcoat, Strummer in yellow (the smart-assed trouble-making high school kid having difficulty — would you believe? — holding his pants up "With A Sham 69 badge"), and acquitted pidgeon shooter Simonon with his customary Nazi-chic outfit and Richard Hell stances at the axe.

If you weren't supposed to be seeing The Clash just for their music, you'd probably get entertainment enough just seeing them move.

But the music, after all, is the stuff that shifts the units, and The Clash's apparent difficulty in "getting things right" for the second album leads you to expect pretty big things from them as they get to grips with another tour.

It's too early to say The Clash have progressed — the new album will probably stun just like the debut — but on the strength of this performance, they don't go out of their way to indicate progression (though as previously stated, the sheer inadequacy of this venue mitigates most shortcomings).

The one thing you can say about the band with total assurance, however, is that each and every

BRUCE BAFFLER

Bruce Springsteen

NASSAU COLISEUM, NEW YORK

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN chose a massive hockey rink / basketball court venue in which to anoint the masses who had waited two years for his return.

The Coliseum, home to the New York Islanders hockey team and previously to basketball's New York Nets, was chosen as the semi-urban alternative when Springsteen expressed some concern about playing Madison Square Garden or successive dates at the smaller Palladium where he would undoubtedly face greater public and critical pressure.

But if he anoints, and there were at least 15,000 bodies in need of hands laid on (mental cripples), he does so with crude automotive oil and not that of the religious kind.

One can't ignore that he thoroughly entertained a considerable number of excited people; that their attention was so rivetted to him as to preclude violence, overdoses and other symptoms of massive gatherings; and that his performances exhibit a consistency of style, stance, directness and impact that rival the most volatile punk writers and shouters.

But . . .

Springsteen is indeed that

Pic: JOE STEVENS

inscrutable blend of spontaneity and planning. And I am reminded of the saying which tells us that consistency is the bugaboo of small minds.

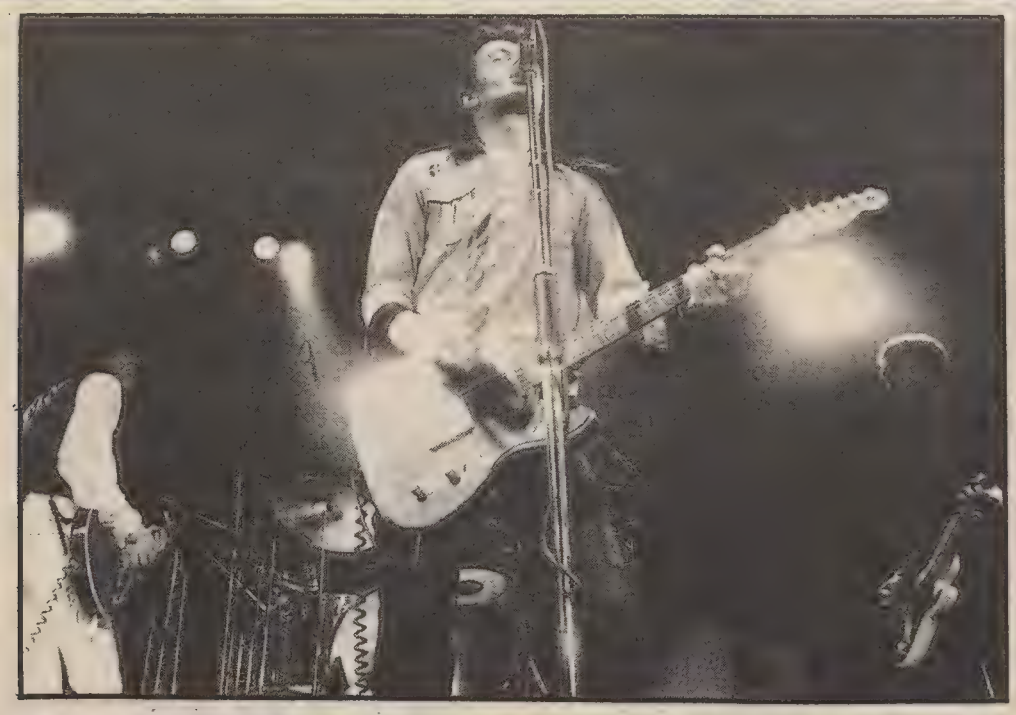
To be sure, a truly great band and its leader should be consistently awesome, but in fact the greatest of the great are not consistently so. I could name a number — The Kinks, Bob Marley, Elvis Presley, Eric Clapton — each with their own unflagging supporters and each with their own highly individualized reasons for not always having been worthy.

Springsteen has problems that can't be linked to personal quirks, for he seems secure and sincere. I can only blame it on his material and his particular version of the collective unconscious. His new "Racing In The Streets", taken from the fourth album, "Darkness At The Edge Of Town", provides a clue.

The line, *"Summer's here and the time is right/for racing in the street"*, must be considered in some objective sense as a classic rock lyric, since it meets a revamped Stones line via Martha Reeves with the hallowed streets and the cars that are home for the vast majority of America's big town and small city kids.

But I had a car when I was 16, my first one, and I lived (not in New Jersey) next to the prime impromptu drag-race street. And I *hated* those guys who destroyed what little

THE TOWN



Pix: PAUL SLATTERY

member is developing considerable proficiency. The style may not have changed much, but the delivery has a solid propensity.

Jones solos impressively (frequently at will) and Topper Headons produces rock steady drumming with the occasional flash of quasi-virtuosity. Only Strummer hasn't really changed, though with an acid test of an impending album threatening/haunting him like an albatross, pulling out the stops for a few hundred punters in a Northern aerodrome is probably the last thing he needs.

The essential effect of this musical maturation is that The Clash seem to have graduated/shifted towards Heavy Metal music; distinctive, dischordant maybe, but Heavy Metal all the same.

Of the numbers, ironically, "Complete Control" loses its vitality live, while "Clash City Rockers" and "Tommy Gun", hardly seminal Clash numbers to begin with, come over like punk tunes a dime a dozen, drowned in volume and the ambition of each Clasher to feature at the death.

The very best, "Capital Radio" and a sequence of songs from the first (first again?) album, followed —"London's Burning", 'I'm So Bored With The USA", "Janie Jones", the band's classic immaculate "Police And Thieves" interpretation, and the inevitable standard, "White Riot".

"White Man In Hammersmith Palais" is the one song that looks forward rather than back, and a hint that the band can successfully experiment with *rhythms,* which (unless Strummer preserves his marginally political naive obsessions forever) are possibly the most plausible device to secure their safe and credible exit from this tight-time limbo.

Well over a year after The Clash set the standard with the best rock album of the New Age, the band must be aware that things are not as cut and dried as they should be.

The Clash maybe sometimes beg to be written off, but somehow you can't do it. While we await the album (in the meantime), the band should check out the suitability of their venues in advance.

Emma Ruth

---

silence there was and sometimes cracked up and died instantly going 105.

Some of my friends went out that way too because they began to believe there was no other way out.

I often wonder if Springsteen sings of his *"death traps and suicide raps"* in order to leave them behind or whether he unknowingly perpetuates them.

Bearing that in mind, one can still applaud the beauty and clarity to be found in Springsteen's best work.

One could hardly find fault with the bubbly, piano-heavy pulse of "Tenth Avenue Freeze Out", and at all times, the purely emotive power of Clarence Clemons' sax playing.

Clarence looks out of place, a big black man in conservative clothes standing against the nearly 50's looking aggregate. But his solos fly our like foamy airstreams from a hydrant; instant bedlam from the crowd followed each of his short, sublime outbursts.

Again, one has to ask if Springsteen's voice could ever be as piercing as the voice Clemons speaks with through his instrument; and whether Springsteen has ever uttered a line as meaningful as a single phrase from Clemons; and whether Clemons would remain unknown were it not for his position as a superstar's sideman.

Bruce, of course, stages the atmosphere of excitement and the concert reflected his growing capacity for creating a nervous, uplifting tension. He balances each song halfway between a ballad and a rocker and proceeds to make it sound like a showdown. There are the slow, reflective openings, the floods of lights and churning band as the lyrics kick in, a flying chorus and then again a soft break, until the climbing finishes with Clemons nearly always pointing the way.

Springsteen is a biting, simple guitarist, most notably on "Back Streets", where he ripped out (off) a few cheap Albert King/Buddy Guy licks to great effect. His way of commanding the dynamics and tempo must rate him as a consumate bandleader and the fans react to his authority as much as anything else about him.

But how to figure his real assets and faults? The fact that "Prove It All Night" is a honky, sexist song, little more than transformed boasting, can never directly affect "the beat"; the massive Coliseum that housed the show could not disguise Bruce's way of making it intimate enough. Leaps to the substage in front of him, or to the top of the piano, were dramatic despite being premeditated ritual.

He's not really the prisoner of rock and roll he claims to be. But these things do not begin to measure the charisma or the failings of the man, for he sold 15,000 tickets in one day and had plenty left to give away.

So Bruce is very important now and all his fans feel like friends who can *see* him now. His songs may prove to have a lasting power and the ability to grow in the listener's mind. But so might a brain tumour.

For the time being he's a macho Joni Mitchell, hopelessly romantic about the most ridiculous things; or would you prefer an urban John Denver, affirming only those things which he can't bear to live without. For all his spontaneous emotive power, Bruce seems to be his own contrivance, speaking to just enough people to make it seem universal.

How about a David Bromberg with muscles?

BRILLIANT BOWIE ...WITH ONE RESERVATION

David Bowie

EARL'S COURT, LONDON

FIRST, THE most immediately impressive facets of David Bowie's opening night at Earl's Court last Thursday.

One, the general sound, as was the case during Dylan's sojourn there, was excellent, completely destroying all memories of Bowie's one prior shot at the 18,000 seater air-hangar in 1973 when, as Ziggy/Alladin Sane, his performance had been totally rendered null and void by a puny P.A. and criminal seating arrangements.

Two, Bowie's current back-up ensemble has to be his finest by many a mile; two guitars, synthesizer, piano, violin, bass and drums consistently spotlighting a heady diversity of material with a sense of precision and attention to multi-layered texturing that was on occasion, literally breath-taking.

Three, Bowie himself was in amazingly fine fettle. Gone was the condescending nonchalance of his Thin White Duke incarnation, ambling on and off-stage lighted Gauloise in hand, that I found so irredeemably erksome during the "Station To Station" tour, his previous tour of the Home Counties.

On this showing, Bowie was constantly onstage, a model of agility, and physical grace, determinedly 'projecting' while singing loud and clear in a voice that has seldom sounded better.

Three blinding aces up the proverbial sleeve and it was obvious David Bowie was back performing with a vengeance, utilizing a cannily chosen cross-section of his 70's chameleon out-put so that no-one would leave his show feeling short-changed. And the mania that reached a steady pitch of quasi-hysteria as the second half of the show reached it's own version of a climax was really only to be expected.

The running order of songs on the night was virtually the same as that reported by one T. Parsons a couple of weeks back, commencing with the austere uncompromising cold music instrumental "Warszawa" (Carlos Alomar rather silly as conductor) before loosening up for the mock-heroic wall of sound histrionics of "Heroes" with Bowie as vocalist/performer.

From there on it was down to numerous dips into the new direction of Bowie's last two releases for the first half with a slightly perfunctory "Jean Genie" and a rivetting "Fame" — an undeniable ensemble highpoint — as the only two back-tracks from the contemporary Bowie repertoire.

In the given context, the songs from "Low's" first side were shorn of their vinylised catatonic glaze and endowed with a power that made even the zombie-like utterances of "Be My Wife" animated good-natured burlesque. But where the neurotic blankness of "Breaking Glass" and "What In The World" sounded like high-speed subversive power pop, the grimmer portents of "Beauty And The Beast" from "Heroes" sounded somewhat lacklustre and lacking in venom.

"Blackout", another "Heroes" gem, seemed too hurried.

The Bowie revue second half was the one for the fans, utilizing the lion's share of the "Ziggy Stardust" repertoire, which, though the band successfully transcended the archetypal power trio sound, and allowed Bowie to make with his best moves, somehow seemed too gratuitous a gesture, particularly in the light of last year's interviews wherein Bowie adamantly declared the ghost of Ziggy well and truly buried.

Whether or not the lengthy "Ziggy" section smacked of grand compromise to the fans or not, the fact remains that it's performance was powerful although in retrospect, it's tenacity recedes dully into the memory when the ensemble choose to unleash "Station To Station".

This is the killer punch, even affording one the chance to forget a tepid and fumblingly melodramatic rendition of Kurt Weil's "Moon Of Alabama" (aye, that Dave can get deft as a brush when t'mood takes him). Guitarist Adrian Belew and synthesizer player Roger Powell work up a steaming head of electronic cacophony before the robotic rhythms of Alomar and Co lead Bowie into the fray. Now the band is flying and stays up there for a blistering encore of "TVC15" and "Stay", leaving even the most hard-bitten Bowie cynic awed by the sheer power of the sound and spectacle.

And that, when all is said and done, is all that needs to be said. Elsewhere, much has already been made about Bowie following Dylan's six nights at Earls Court, with all manner of dodgy comparisons and parallels being drawn. The only comparison I could draw, however, was that while Bowie impressed, Dylan moved me emotionally in a way that the former will, I can well imagine, never do. Because at heart David Bowie is as facile and limp as he is invariably brilliant with all his chameleon jestering and penchant for the sensational. Both Dylan and Bowie have bedazzled their audiences, throughout their respective careers by consistently confusing their expectations. Yet while Dylan's changes have been forced upon him by his muse and perceptions, Bowie's persona has always been totally self-conscious, with the outer gloss a shimmering sizzle of bedazzlement while the inner soul is unvariably limp, if there at all.

That shimmering sizzle, that fizzy brilliance that is undeniably attuned to Bowie's work, was all there on Thursday. It impressed me, it entertained me and very occasionally had me almost spell-bound.

It was a total success. To ask for more would be not only stupid but also futile.

Nick Kent.

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BIRMINGHAM Balmoral Bar: JASMINE PIE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BIRMINGHAM Westhill College: RAY KING BAND
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE EXECUTIVES
BRIGHTON Dome: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
BRIGHTON Hungry Years: LAUGHING GASS / NIGHT RIDER
BRISTOL Arts Centre: ACME QUARTET
BRISTOL Granary: WHIRLWIND
CHESTER Deeside Leisure Centre: THE CLASH
COVENTRY Dun Cow: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
COVENTRY Locarno: MAGAZINE
DEWSBURY Turk's Head: ZHAIN
DURHAM Coach & Eight: ALWOODLEY JETS
EASTBOURNE Gold Room: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
EDINBURGH Astoria: THE MONOS
EXETER Routes: PANDORA'S BOX / PAUL GOODIE
EXETER St George's Hall: THE BOYFRIENDS / SCRATCHER
GRIMSBY St James Folk Club: FOGGY
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: WHITE CATS/THE ROBINS
LEEDS 'F' Club: THE DICKIES / THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: RED EYE
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE 80's
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: NO DICE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: WARREN HARRY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PHIL RAMBOW
LONDON E.7 Freeman's: TRANS-AM
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: RONNIE SCOTT QUINTET
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: GENTRY
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LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE STUKAS
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MANCHESTER Golden Garter: SHOWADDYWADDY
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SUTTON Bulls Head: JUGGERNAUT
SWANSEA Circles Club: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY GROUP
SWANSEA Nutz Club: GEORGE McCRAE
WANTAGE The Swan: DOUBLE XPOSURE
WORCESTER Bank House: MATCHBOX

Friday

BANBURY Upper School: LANDSCAPE
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BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE LATE SHOW
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabeth Days: THE HUMANOIDS
BIRMINGHAM Mayfair Suite: JAMESON RAID / THE CLERKS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: BULLETS
BLACKBURN Dirty Dkck: ALWOODLEY JETS
BRYNMAUR Gwestybach: NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
BURTON 76 Club: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY GROUP
CAMBERLEY Ragamuffins: GEORGE McCRAE
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: REBEL
CHELMSFORD City Taver: THE HEAT
COVENTRY Binley Oak: U.K. SUBS
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GUILDFORD Civic Hall: THE MOVIES
GUILDFORD Royal Hotel: STEVE BOYCE BAND
KIRKALDY Dutch Mill: IGNATZ
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LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: RED EYE
LEWES Malling Community Centre: SOUTHERN RYDA

MISTRESS, the up-and-coming all-girl band, have gigs this weekend at Manchester (Saturday) and Dumfries (Sunday). Pictured above is the group's leader Denny Gibson (vocals, bass and tongue).

LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
LONDON BRIXTON Telegraph: MENU
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE DODGERS / TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: GULLIVER SMITH BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE TYLA GANG
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: COCK SPARRER
LONDON Central Polytechnic: THE CIMARONS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MERGER
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: THE REALISTS / THE RIALTOS
LONDON HACKNEY St Hilda's: CHARGE
LONDON KENSINGTON Th nashville: PENETRATION / THE LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE BRAKES
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JEREMY TAYLOR
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON Royal Albert Hall: THE BOTHY BAND / DE DANANN / LIAM OG FLYNN
LONDON Royal Dental College: SPITERI
LONDON SOUTH BANK Jubilee Gardens (free open-air, 6pm): REDBRASS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE MAKERS
LONDON TOTTENHAM White Hart: MATCHBOX
LONDON TRAFALGAR SQ. The Centre: GUTZY, BRASH & THE BLUEPOLES
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PRIVATE EYE
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic: BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND (11pm)
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: MISTY / REALITY / TERROR SOULD
LONDON W.C.2 Notre Dame Hall: JERRY THE FERRET
LUTON The Unicorn: BERLIN
MACCLESFIELD Travellers Rest: ZHAIN
MAIDSTONE College: TRAPEZE
MANCHESTER Russell Club: MAGAZINE
MANSFIELD Pleasley Hill Club: STRANGE DAYS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painetd Lady: CHEAP FLIGHTS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: GLORIA MUNDI
NEWARK Bowling Green Club: GIMIK
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE PIRATES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Megalomania at Sandpiper: WHITE CATS / SOME CHICKEN
OXFORD Corn Dolly: TONY McPHEE & TERRAPLANE
PETERBOROUGH The Cresset: THE NEXT BAND
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE DICKIES / THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
RUGBY West Indian Club: THE RANKERS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse; HEADWAITER
SHEFFIELD Limited Club: SCHOOL MEALS
STAINFORTH Central Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
SUTTON COLDFIELD Martinsmith Social Club: THE UTENSILS
SWINDON Arts Centre: WINDJAMMER
WINCHESTER Hat Festival: DANDIES
YORK Munster Bar: THE ACTORS

Saturday

ACCRINGTON Free Festival: CHINA STREET
BAGSHOT Pantiles Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
BEXHILL York Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE DICKIES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: THE TIMONEERS
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BRACKNELL Southpark Arts Centre (2.30 pm): WINDJAMMER
BRADFORD Royal Standard: ALWOODLEY JETS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: BILL CADDICK
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: PATRIK FITZGERALD/PRESSURE SHOCKS/RAPED
CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH Ferodo: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: ZHAIN
CHICHESTER Cathedral Green (lunchtime): PTARMIGAN
CRAWLEY Sports Centre: THE CLASH
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: MARTY WILDE
CROYDON Wandle Park (open-air 7.30 pm): MARK STEVENS BAND/MAVERICK/STAGEFRIGHT
DUBLIN National Stadium: ERIC CLAPTON BAND
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE LATE SHOW
DURHAM Reeth C.B. Hotel: STRAW DOGS
ELLESMERE College Arts Centre: RICHARD DIGANCE
EXETER Routes: TIM ARNOLD
FARNBOROUGH College: LANDSCAPE
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: THE ENID
GOOLE Station Hotel: CYANIDE
HORSHAM Capitol Theatre: VISITOR 2035
HUDDESFIELD Arawak Club: RAY KING BAND
ILFORD King's Club: GEORGE McCRAE
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: LEARGO
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE ELEVATORS
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: WHIRLWIND
LIVERPOOL Litherland Red Lion: THE EDDY
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: HYBRID
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: TOYAH
LONDON BRIXTON Telegraph: MENU
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIPERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HEINZ/SLIP HAZARD
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CADO BELLE
LONDON CAMDEN Town Hall: DANDIES
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON LEWISHAM Lee Centre: DINO DAZ & THE MACHINE
LONDON Marquee Club: APOSTROPHE
LONDON MILL HILL Royal Engineers: GUTZY, BRASH & THE BLUEPOLES
LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: TRANS-AM
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: CARTER & JONES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-sMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE REZILLOS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: PRIVATE EYE
LONDON WATERLOO Young Vic (11 pm): WINDJAMMER
LONDON WOOLWICH Festival: REBEL
MANCHESTER Hyde Town Hall: MISTRESS
MANCHESTER Rafters: SUPERCHARGE/ THE TUNES
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: CAN-CAN
MILTON KEYNES Cosgrove Navigation Inn: LEFT HAND DRIVE/VOWELS
NORWICH St. Andrew's Hall: MATCHBOX
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: THE PIRATES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good FellowL OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Megalomania at Sandpiper: GLORIA MUNDI
OLDHAM Tower Club: BULLETS
OXFORD Corn Dolly: VESUVIUS
READING Target Club: STEVE BOYCE BAND
ROTHERHAM Sunnyside Club: STRANGE DAYS
STAFFORD Riverside Club: MUSCLES
ST. ALBANS City Hall: DIRE STRAITS-/MINOTAUR/THE ASTRONAUTS
STOURPORT Boat Club: WATERFALL
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Green Dragon: JUGGERNAUT
SWANSEA Rainbow Variety Club: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
SWANSEA White Swan: THE STATE
TONYPANDY Naval Club: JENNY DARREN BAND
TROWBRIDGE Village Pump Festival: JOHNNY COPPIN
WAKEFIELD Thornes Park: THE ACTORS
WHITTLESEA Black Bull: THE NEXT BAND
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: BULLETS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BRISTOL Locarno: THE CLASH
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: SWINGLE II
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: ZHAIN
CARDIFF New Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
CHIDDINGLEY Six Bells: THE EXECUTIVES
CRAWLEY The Rocket: THE CURE
DOUGLAS Isle Of Man Palace Lido: SHOWADDYWADDY
DUMFRIES LOCHMABEN Balcastle Hotel: MISTRESS
DUMFRIES Stage Coach: IGNATZ
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall: THE PIRATES-/MOONSTONE
DUNDEE Hong Kong Club: DAVE BERRY (for a week)
FALKIRK Crossbow: THE DEFT JERKS
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: TRAPEZE
LEEDS Staging Post: CYANIDE
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: ALWOODLEY JETS
LIVERPOOL Dove & Olive: HYBRID
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON BRIXTON Telegraph: THE BIG PICTURE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: ICEBERG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE EXILES
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE BOOMTOWN RATS / BLACK SLATE
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: SPRING OFFENSIVE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: CHINA STREET
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON Marquee Club: MEAL TICKET
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: GEORGE McRAE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE VIPERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SORE THROAT
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: DAVID COVERDALE'S WHITE SNAKE / DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON W.C.1 Pinder of Wakefield: SWIFT
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: RICHARD DIGANCE / NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
MANCHESTER ASHTON Guide Bridge Theatre: HEATHER WHITTAKER / THREE CROWS
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: SPHERICAL OBJECTS / FRANTIC ELEVATORS
MARGATE Winter Gardens: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
NEWPORT Nemo Club: KRYPTON TUNES
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: ARTFAILURE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
PORTSMOUTH Portsea Rotary Club: BLIND DOG
POYNTON Folk Centre: PETE SAYERS & FRIENDS / FLAKY PASTRY / MARTIN & GRAHAM
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: MAGAZINE
TROWBRIDGE Village Pump Festival: JOHNNY COPPIN
WHITLEY BAY Rex Hotel: WHITE CATS

Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Drake's Drum: PARADOX
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BUXTON Gaslight Club: SATIN (for three days)
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve: ZHAIN
DERBY Old Bell: THE NEXT BAND
DONCASTER Outlook Club: MAGAZINE
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: IGNATZ/ THE DICKIES
EXETER Routes: THE SHIRTS
HULL Tiffany's: CYANIDE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Brannigan's: ALWOODLEY JETS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY GROUP
KEEDS Viva Wine Bar: BLACK DOGS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: DEAD TROUT
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FINGERPRINTZ / THE EXILES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: UK SUBS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: MATCHBOX
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON Marquee Club: WINDOW
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: MARION MONTGOMERY / LANDSCAPE (for a week)
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE INVADERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BILBO
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THE RESISTANCE
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: MENACE / NOBODYZ / RC
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: MONEY / DEAD RINGER
MANCHESTER Fagin's Club: GEORGE McCRAE (for a week)
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Newcastle Arms: WATERFALL
SWANSEA Circles Club: GLORIA MUNDI
TORQUAY Town Hall: THE CLASH

Tuesday

ANGLESEY Plas Coch: HOT WATER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: SPEEDOMETERS
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: HI-TENSION
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: RINGMASTER
CARDIFF Great Western Hote: ZIPPER
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE CLASH
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE LURKERS / STADIUM DOGS
EXETER Routes: SCRATCHER
HUDDERSFIELD White Swan: ZHAIN
LEEDA Viva Wine Bar: OAKWOOD
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: THE EDDY
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: HEADLINES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ETTA JAMES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: DOLL BY DOLL

CONTINUES OVER. . .

THE SHIRTS set out on their first British tour, and singer Annie Golden ensures you don't forget the band's name! They're at Exeter (Monday), Penzance (Tuesday) and Plymouth (Wednesday).

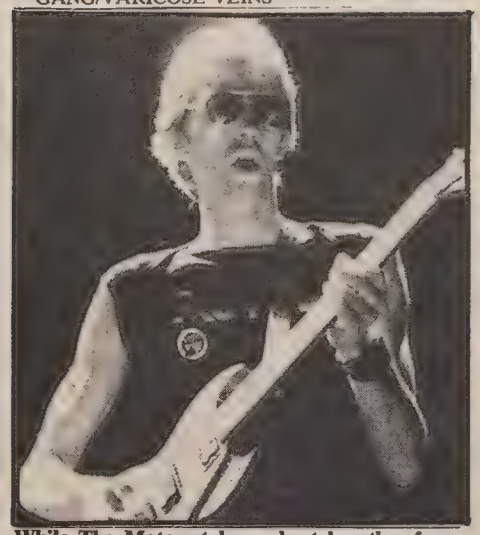
GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ROGER THE CAT
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CHAMPION
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: GIMIK
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: FINGER-PRINTZ
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BUSTER JAMES
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE CRACK
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: JAB JAB
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: JERRY THE FERRET
MANCHESTER Rafters: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY GROUP
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: CYANIDE
PENZANCE The Garde: THE SHIRTS
PETERBOROUGH Town Hall: J.A.L.N. BAND
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: CHINA STREET
SOUTHEND Talk of the South: CO-CO
WISBECH Community Centre: THE NEXT BAND

Wednesday

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: THE CLASH
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
CHIPPENHAM R.A.F. Lyneham: JOE STEAD
DERBY The Bell: ZHAIN
EXETER Routes: ALAN HODGE BAND
FARNHAM The Maltings: JOHNNY COPPIN
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: SKINNY CAT
LIVERPOOL Masonic Hall: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL Moonstane: THE EDDY
LONDON ACTON Wjite Hart: PUMPHOUSE GANG/VARICOSE VEINS
LONDON Africa Centre: WALLACE LASANA WILLIAMS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ETTA JAMES
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY GROUP
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: MATCHBOX
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CHARLIE DORE'S BACK POCKET
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: REBEL
LONDON Marquee Club: SONJA KRISTINA & ESCAPE
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs: MUSCLES
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Stars & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SPEED-O-METERS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: THE TALKING HEADS
LONSON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: THE INMATES
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: WHIRLWIND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
OXFORD Corn Dolly: SPRING OFFENSIVE
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: PATRIK FITZGERALD
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE SHIRTS
RHYL ST. ASAPH Stable Club: GIMIK
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: TRIBESMAN/RAY KING BAND
SKEGNESS Festival Pavilion: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: J.A.L.N. BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
TORQUAY Town Hall: MAGAZINE
WALSALL Folk Club: WATERFALL
WARRINGTON Wilderspool Leisure Centre: JEFF HILL BAND/051/TOXIC



While The Motors take a short breather from gigging, guitarist BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY plays a few dates with his own trio — at Swansea (Thursday), Burton (Friday), Leeds (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and London (Wed).

DAVID COVERDALE, former singer with the late-lamented Deep Purple, plays his first major London date with his new White Snake band on Wednesday, when he appears at the Lyceum. Support act is Dead Fingers Talk.

ON THE ROAD

THE LATE SHOW are on the road this month, coinciding with the release of their second Decca single "I Like It" tomorrow (Friday). They visit **Birmingham** Barbarella's (tomorrow), **Dudley** J.B.'s (Saturday), **London Kensington** Nashville (Sunday), **Hayes** Alfred Beck Centre (July 13), **London Camden** Dingwalls (14), **Chadwell Heath** Greyhound (17), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (21), **Retford** Porterhouse (22), **Kirklevington** Country Club (28) and **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (29).

CAROL GRIMES and Misty are featured in a Rock Against Racism concert at **London W.10** Acklam Hall on Saturday, July 15. And another RAR gig is at **London Walthamstow** North-East Polytechnic on July 24, with Black Slate and Patrik Fitzgerald.

CHAMPION — the recently launched band which is a re-vamped edition of Rough Diamond — have extra gigs at **London Kensington** Nashville (July 11), **Bristol** Granary (13) and **London Camden** Dingwalls (15).

TRANS-AM, the band formed recently by ex-Burlesque member Steve Parr (keyboards), play **London E.7** Freemans (tonight, Thursday), **London Notting Hill** Old Swan (Saturday), **Abertillery** Six Bells (July 15) and **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (18). Rest of the line-up is U.S. musician Howard Massey (lead vocals, bass and chief songwriter), J.C. Morris (guitars) and Henry Lascelles (drums).

AUTOGRAPHS, the outfit launched by three ex-members of The Stukas, have a string of **London** gigs this month — at Stoke Newington Pegasus (tomorrow, Friday, and July 14), Covent Garden Rock Garden (Saturday), Kensington Nashville (10, 17, 24 and 31), Canning Town Tidal Basin Tavern (13 and 27), Strand Lyceum (19) and Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (21 and 28). There's more about the band in Record News, page 4.

BASILDON in Essex is staging a free open-air rock festival on Sunday, August 20, in the 355-acre Gloucester Park. It will feature local bands with The Opposition topping, supported by Deep Throat, Gilmartin, Grinder, Mongrel, Mik Bostik and Sleeper.

LONDON ACTION White Hart has the following acts booked for its Wednesday night new-wave series — Pumphouse Gang and Varicose Veins (July 12), C.G.A.S.5 and Skid Marks (19), Menace and Raped (26), White Cats and The Satellites (August 2), The Transmitters and Blitz (9) and Eater and U.K. Subs (16).

ALFALPHA are to support Linda Lewis in her previously-reported concerts at **Swindon** Oasis Centre (July 15), **Poole** Arts Centre (16) and **London** Royal Festival Hall (18). They also play **Chadwell Heath** Greyhound in their own right on July 24.

ADVERTISING are a late booking for **Plymouth** Metro tonight (Thursday), and they are also newly set for **Nottingham** Sandpiper on July 21.

WHITE CATS, the band formed by drummer Chris Millar (alias Rat Scabies), have new bookings at **Nottingham** Sandpiper (tomorrow, Friday) and **Whitley Bay** Rex Hotel (this Sunday), followed by **London** gigs at Camden Dingwalls (July 11), Camden Music Machine (12), Stoke Newington Pegasus (16), Covent Garden Rock Garden (21), Fulham Golden Lion (22), Kensington Nashville (27), Islington Hope & Anchor (28) and Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (30). They also play **Gravesend** Red Lion on July 15.

U.K. SUBS visit **Coventry** Binley Oak tomorrow (Friday), then have London dates at Covent Garden Rock Garden (July 10), Putney White Lion (18 and 25), Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's (24) and West Hampstead Railway Hotel (31).

THE INVADERS play **Lancaster** No.12 Club (tonight, Thursday), **Egremont** Tow Bar Inn (Friday), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (Saturday), **Southend** Scamps (July 11), **Woking** Centre Halls (15), **Newbridge** Club & Institute (23) and **Swansea** Circiles (27). And they have **London** gigs at the Marquee (July 9), Stoke Newington Pegasus (10), Kensington Nashville (13), Camden Music Machine (14), Chiswick John Bull (16), Angel City Arms (19), Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (19), Covent Garden Rock Garden (20) and Camden Dingwalls (21).

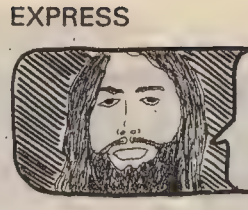
THE HEAT are back on the road with new drummer Richard Shaw, formerly with Jeeps. First confirmed gigs are **Chelmsford** City Tavern (tomorrow, Friday), **Reading** Target Club (July 15), **London West Hampstead** Railway Hotel (17), **Bishops Stortford** Triad Leisure Centre (August 1), **Brighton** Alhambra (9 and 30) and **Basildon** Van Gogh (28).

THE RETAINERS, comprising four musicians most recently with Kokomo — Tony O'Malley, Alan Spenner, Neil Hubbard and Mel Collins — plus ex-Ace member Paul Carrack, have **London** dates at Fulham Golden Lion (this Sunday), Covent Garden Rock Garden (July 15 and 16) and Camden Dingwalls (20).

CHINA STREET are joined by Preacher, Thunderbird Sabden and Hammerton Street in the "Electric Summertime" free open-air concert at **Accrington** Oakhill Park this Saturday (8) from noon to 7.30 pm. They'll be playing from the bandstand, using a 2,000-wat P.A. system.

NO DICE play their only **London** gig this summer at Camden Music Machine tonight (Thursday), prior to starting work on their new album — see Record News, page 4 . . . and two Pye Records bands **CYANIDE** and **DEAD FINGERS TALK** join forces in a double-header at **London** Marquee on July 19.

SOUNDER have a string of **London** dates at Hammersmith Swan (this Saturday), Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (July 13 and 29), Covent Garden Rock Garden (24), Hammersmith Red Cow (26) and Angel City Arms (31).


HELLO ITS ME AGAIN THE FAMOUS BRIAN B. SPEELING MORE GUSH ABOUT MY WONDERFUL LIVE PAGE WHICH NICE SIXTEEN YEAR OLD GIRLS CAN PHOWE ME ABOUT ON 01-261 6153, and of COURSE ANYONE WHO WANTS TO ADVERTISE. ANYHOW I WAS going to tell you about the BRIDGE HOUSE.....

SPEAKEASY 01-580 7930
SPEAK-EARLY
Thursday July 6th SPITERI
Friday July 7th DOLL BY DOLL
Saturday July 8th STRAIGHT 8
Monday July 10th LACEY'S ALL STARS
Tuesday July 11th PLEASURE ZONES
Wednesday July 12th TRANSMITTERS
Thursday July 13th TIGER ASHBY
Friday July 14th TRADER
Saturday July 15th FISCHER Z
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

HOLLIES
TIDAL BASIN TAVERN, TIDAL BASIN ROAD, E16
(off Silvertown Way) 01-476 7791
Open Monday to Saturday until 2 am — Midnight on Sunday
Thursday July 6th REBEL
Saturday July 8th TIGER ASHBY
Friday July 7th STREET CHORUS
Wednesday July 12th MATCHBOX

Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words
City Hall St Albans
Saturday July 8th at 8 pm
DIRE STRAITS
+ Minotaur
+The Astronauts
MARY JANE DISCO
BAR FOOD
Advance tickets from box office 37 Chequer St. St Albans Tel. 64511 or available on door
Queensway (Civic) Hall Dunstable
Sunday July 9th at 7.15 pm
THE PIRATES
+ Moonstone
Advance tickets from box office tel 603326
Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead, Record Room, St Albans, F.I. Moore, Luton & Dunstable or available on door
Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

THE TOWER CLUB
Bower Street, Oldham. Tel. 061 624 5491
presents
Thursday July 13th
RICH KIDS
Saturday July 29th
KRAKATOA
+ Fossil
Saturday August 5th
special rock'n'roll nite with
TOMMY & THE HOT ROCKS
Saturday September 2nd
SKREWDRIVER

ROGER THE CAT
ROGER THE CAT at the ROCK GARDEN W.C.2
TUESDAY JULY 11th
Plus support
BLANK CHEQUE
presented by Vehicle Music and Gilmore promotions 01-204 9976

MENACE
Saturday July 8th
Borough Hall, Queensborough Isle of Sheppey
Sunday July 10th
Railway Hotel, West Hampstead.
Enquiries: 8 Birchington Road, Crouch End, N.8. Telephone 01-348 9547 after 3pm

BLITZ
FULHAM TOWN HALL
Friday July 14th
(Supporting Reggae Regular)
Licensed Bar till 12 midnight
Admission £1.00 for the first 400, then £1.50
Saturday July 22nd
SPEAKEASY
WANTED!
Places to play and bands seeking a good support.
Please telephone 01-573 5950

spling offensive

First Major London Appearance
DINGWALL'S
17 July 78

A.J.'s CLUB LINCOLN
Saturday July 8th
8 p.m. — 2 a.m.
WHIRLWIND

ROCK N ROLL DANCE
Saturday 8th July
HITCHIN TOWN HALL
with
FLIGHT 56
COAST TO COAST
ROCKHOUSE +
The Crazy — Cavan Disco Show
7.30pm 11.45pm Bar Snacks
Tickets £1.75. At door £2.00
From 14 Hitchin Road, Henlow, Beds. Hitchin 812051.

Arts Council OF GREAT BRITAIN
BURSARIES FOR JAZZ MUSICIANS 1978/79
The Council will consider bursary applications from jazz musicians for devising and rehearsing new material
Application forms are available from:
The Music Officer (Jazz).
Arts Council of Great Britain,
105 Picadilly, London W1V 0AU.
Closing date 25 August 1978.

WIRE's Colin Newman. Pic: SVEN ARNSTEIN

FASCINATING ... ... BUT NO FUN

Wire

THE LYCEUM, LONDON

THE NOTION that Wire are purveyors of 'art school punk' is lent a fair amount of support from their official biography. This list a grand total of five art schools to which either Colin Newman, Graham Lewis or B. C. Gilbert were at one time a party.

Drummer Robert Gotobed, it seems, is not from the same mould, but we're told that he's six foot three, lives in Brixton, and his main hobby is housework.

Whatever their background, Wire's approach to music is individual in the extreme. Their debut LP "Pink Flag" unfolds like an album of Polaroid snaps, each song an instant impression, conceived and developed in a flash of inspiration. Twenty such numbers are crammed onto the record, Wire being more than aware of the impact of brevity.

Too abstract for paintings, and too insubstantial to be poems alone, they appear as freeze-dried sensations that tap-dance across an angular barrage of sound.

So freeze-dried are they that, without the warmth of a little stage presence, I found most of them pretty hard to digest.

The overall impression the band makes is one of sparseness. Their movements are minimal, their lighting confined mostly to glaring white spots, and their clothing to shades of grey, black and white. Their expression never strays from that of manic commitment, melodies are mighty scarce, harmonies largely accidental, and communication with the audience non-existent.

The frantic, stammered vocals of Newman, and bassist Graham Lewis, reminded me of XTC, but with little of their vitality, and the lyrics were as graphic and eccentric as those of The Soft Boys, but with none of the obvious wit.

The early part of the set, numbers like "Being Sucked In" and "Options R", didn't manage to get a grip, the newer material making a far greater impression, and the recently added keyboards producing a much deeper sound.

Perhaps the most effective number was "Dot Dash", a phonetic outburst spliced with morse code lighting flashes. Also, the encore "Lowdown" was very distinctive — far slower, and more controlled than most, it was fronted by Newman's frigid spasms of mime.

The distance maintained between the stage and audience was as deliberate as any other part of the act. All cries for an old favourite had the effect of instantly erasing the song from the band's memory.

I was left with the feeling that I'd been to an animated picture show — perfectly executed, cleverly conceived, but about an condusive to spiritual uplift as a pententiary picnic.

And in that respect, Wire reminded me of The Talking Heads — curious, almost fascinating, but ultimately, no fun at all.

Mark Ellen

UFO

SHEFFIELD

'HM hero falls on ass' shock

UFO, is is apparent, are all set to become the Next Big Thing amongst those whose custom it is to shake their heads vigorously, give cub-scout salutes (dob, dob, dob, we'll do our best) and revel in the thrill of having seriously-impaired hearing.

Only known, until recently, as the protagonists of the Worst Ever Live Album In Recorded History ("Live At The Roxy" included), they're suddenly the recipients of the frightening tribal adulation usually only accorded the most extreme exponents of the genre. What's mildly surprising about their success is that they don't seem to indulge in the "sword and sorcery" garbage so beloved of colleagues like Rush.

No, UFO's success is built on the bare bones of the style: tight trousers, simple riffs, lead guitar predominance and enough amplification to keep the Marshall account in the black single-handedly.

Star of the show, of course, is lead guitarist Michael Schenker, who has everything a heavy metal guitarist needs to be successful: reasonably long blonde hair, a skin-tight black leather suit, thighlength black leather boots, Flying V, and no taste at all. If Schenker could make his axe talk, it'd doubtless have dyslexia . . .

Highlight of the show, for me, was when Schenker, dashing across the stage to "duel" with the bassist, pulled his lead clean out of its socket: ah, blissful few seconds of silence in the upper register! Other than that, the only entertaining moment came when bassist Pete Way, retreating backwards from outstretched hands he'd got a little *too* close to, tripped and landed on his rump. A trifle unbecoming for an HM hero, old chap.

At the side of support band Marseille, however, UFO seem almost to possess a certain stylish elan.

Fronted by a "singer" who sticks his bum out at an awkward angle, Marseille squeal songs of sexual conquest from a machismo perspective (who's kidding who, eh?) with lyrics which plumb the depths of asininity!

Legs astride, their posing goes no further than The Power Of The Penile Extension, without realising it betrays compensation.

Which is what I should get for having to listen to them.

Andy Gill

The Rubinoos

MARQUEE, LONDON

IF YOU can fall in love twice a week, spill blobs of Sun-Kal Jell Bread on mom's *Ambassy* gown, or wish you were Batman's bastard son, you're hip to The Rubinoos' trip.

Jon, Donn, Royse and Tommy are all under 21. They harmonise, drum and play guitar in a band but they all have different personalities. Royse is the gallant goofball, Donn is the all-round leader, Tommy's the romantic idealist and Jon's the mindless kook.

Beserkeley's babes are the last surviving sons of the Monkee era. A cute, bouncy, Jerry Lewis-scripted slab of USA Pop. The Sex Pistols walk on bones, but these guys frug on toasted marshmallows, rocker.

These swell kids started the band in a Berkeley high school seven years ago, so axiomatically they are very professional live performers. The choreographics sparkle, and the banter is pure Alfred E Neuman.

Okay, we are living through the renaissance of barbarism. Yeh, the song titles on The Rubinoos' LP read like chapter headings in a Teen Romance pulp-back. Sure, with pre-pubescent precocity accelerating at its present rate, The Rubinoos should be playing the Kindergarten circuit. But Christ, there are no more enemies left to fight, so enjoy some willya.

In 1964 it was a great time to be 14. You don't believe? Aaahh, comb your hair. Listen, if you can foster a psychological immunity to the common horrors that have carved up the world's Beat heroes since the dawn of mass record industry commercialism, you can Rubiboogie till your feet drop off.

Anyway, there I was leaning on the Marquee's dirty bricks, and it's a low point in the set. The Rubinoos are covering the Archies' "Sugar, Sugar", and the suckers are chanting "honey, honey", and I spot that great man, Jonathan Richman and, yep, you guessed it, he's singing "honey, honey" too.

Here comes Matthew King Kaufman, Rubinoos manager/producer waggling his head like he's overdosed at Wimbledon. You gotta expect it from Beserkeley employees. I mean, before they sign you up, you fill in an application form asking you to list any "Unusual, Intriguing But Cute Behavioural Patterns". Makes good copy fodder, you dig?

What are a band like The Rubinoos doing on a British tour, considering the nation's present socio-music climate, Matt? "They really like playing here," says he, and it's a fact. Fact two is that the Marquee audience loved them. They dug every Rubinoos number, and they cheered "Please, Please Me" and "Telstar". Listening, Heinz?

Last word from Royse Ader: "Gee, how many do you think came to see us tonight?"

Herb Hyphen

ENID CRACK THE BIG ONE

The Enid

RAINBOW

FOR THE Enid, this was the Big One. Headlining at the Rainbow, in the minds of most fans the most prestigious venue in the country, they simply had to succeed.

If they blew it, in front of the press and the record biz, their progress over the last year or so would have been entirely wasted. For three years they have been slogging round the clubs and small colleges all over Great Britain, almost completely ignored by the media, driven by the determination of Robert John Godfrey.

Their Victoria Palace shows some months back were merely an extension of the Marquee; this was a "major London concert".

The set took a huge risk by being unexpected. The band's loyal following has been garnered with a skilful mixture of the serious and absurd, beginning sets with the National Anthem, and the highly melodic, classically-constructed major pieces being punctuated with their eccentric versions of "Wild Thing", "Pretty Vacant", and their odd single "Golden Earrings".

Though immediately enjoyable, the looning about and merriment has tended to detract from their worth as performers of moving and complex music.

Realising this, the band dropped almost all of it. "The Sun" opened instead, "Mayday Galliard" became an encore (therefore less "official"), and, for the first time in the band's history, the evening did not end with "The Dambusters/Land of Hope And Glory".

The sole concession to whimsy, "The Viewers' Association Carol", came midway through the set, as a relief after the intense concentration needed throughout the premiere of a new piece, as ambitious as anything they have previously attempted.

In this restructuring of the set to suit the greater formality of a theatre, The Enid grew up, with a new and truly adult performance.

Understandably, nerves showed. Early on "Judgement" and "In The Region Of The Summer Stars" suffered from slightly shaky rhythm and several bum notes; Godfrey's endearingly paternal stage manner hovered dangerously near the twee, and Willie Gilmour's make-up just looked silly, but the excitement and enthusiasm of the playing, and the confidence born of selling over 2,000 tickets compensated when they got into their stride.

But they were playing to the most fanatically devoted audience I have ever seen. Enid T-shirts were almost a uniform — whole rows of people wore them. And afterwards, after the safety curtain and house lights, there were 1,500 who stood and shouted "E-NID, E-NID" and "We shall not be moved" for a full 20 minutes before the band came back to shake hands and thank the crowd. Adulation.

The next problem is to repeat this unqualified triumph outside London. It is not insoluble.

Mike Holmans

FLASHES ...

Rockpile

NASHVILLE

THE DINGWALLS ads had said *to be announced;* then Steve Gibbons was booked in, and finally Gibbons dropped out and Rockpile dropped in. This time around, however, it's "Nick Lowe's Rockpile" rather than Dave Edmunds' Rockpile, since they've just been opening up for the Costello U.S. tour in that guise. The line-up's same as ever — Edmunds and Billy Bremner (gtr/vcls), Terry Williams (drums) and Lowe (bass/vcls) — but this time Basher gets to stand in the middle and make all the announcements.

The set features everything you'd want it to, with Lowe / Edmunds retroclassics like "I Knew The Bride" and "Here Comes The Weekend", Basher specialities like "I Love The Sound Of Breaking Glass", "They Called It Rock", "So It Goes" and "Heart Of The City", and hefty doses of proper rock and roll on the likes of "I Hear You Knockin' ", "Down Down Down", "Mess Of Blues" and "Promised Land."

Rockpile is the classic anomaly — a fairly low-profile band incorporating two Big Names and four redoubtable musicians, and any time they pound it out in a sweaty dive it's an occasion to be treasured. Even though they didn't know an encore — bastards!

Charles Shaar Murray

Roy Hill Band

SHEFFIELD

A ROY HILL performance isn't a case of "Here, let me entertain you" or "Hear, let's make some creative music", but rather "Here, watch me act out my rock star fantasy". So full of affectation is he that the audience refuses to go anywhere *near* the stage — it's as if they realise, subconsciously, that this artifice is false and shouldn't be approached too closely.

Poor Roy. Misrepresented on record as today's Cat Stevens, it's patently obvious, live, that he desires the status of Springsteenesque street poet. (A lad from Cheltenham with a Yankee drawl?). Diminutive saxist Bimb Acock — the only more-than-competent member of Roy's band — is even cast firmly in the role of Clarence Clemons to Roy's Bruce. His biggest problem, however, is that he's not a good poet.

Andy Gill

Toby Beau

LOS ANGELES

OPENING UP an LA Forum concert recently was Toby Beau, another act from the stable of Aucoin Management who brought you Kiss and Starz. They're a country-rock quintet from deep in the heart of Texas, and they're not half bad.

Country-rock has been worn to death, but these boys play well, employing three guitars to nicely drive along the tunes. If crowd reaction is any indication of potential, this was a rare instance where a support act drew tumultous applause.

Figuring they've cornered the market on Heavy Metal, Aucoin might finally have made another commercially viable move. The only question remaining is what Toby Beau should wear for publicity photos; cowboy hats and kabuki make-up, perhaps?

Justin Pierce

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Tom Robinson Band

HOLLYWOOD

THE TOM ROBINSON BAND, making their American debut, are in a dilemma.

While close followers of the British scene in LA and New York will have no problems dealing with Robinson's dedicated political stance, those in the Mid-west may be a little uneasy singing along to "Glad To Be Gay" and "Right On Sister", or even trying to deal with stifling policies of the right-wing National Front.

Nonetheless, Robinson's carefree manner, combining a large dose of music hall tradition in a folk/rock formula, seemed to go over rather well at the Starwood club here.

Robinson made every effort to explain the roots of every song, giving cute asides whenever possible to such tunes as "Grey Cortina", "2—4—6—8 Motorway" (an FM radio favourite), and "Long Hot Summer".

His commitment to inspiring change is admirable and applauded, but it will be the appeal of the melodies and stage performances that decides whether the TRB are a force to be reckoned with Stateside.

As Ray Davies of The Kinks has learned, working out of the traditional rock vein has its own charm, yet the commercial potential is limited. Since Robinson's music has much in common with that of The Kinks', it's not unreasonable to gauge that their probable US impact will be built upon a parallel path.

Before bouncing into an inspiring sing-a-long to "I Shall Be Released", Robinson acknowledged his respect for Dylan, and admitted he was scared shitless about the American response.

But the Starwood appearance seemed to reassure him that he'll be given a responsible ear in some circles at least. For now, the outlook is optimistic.

Justin Pierce

Undertones get it over

The Undertones

BELFAST

ON A NIGHT when one of the world's top bands, Ireland's favourite sons Thin Lizzy, were packing them in at the Ulster Hall, it was no mean feat that a bevy of local talent could draw 500 to Queen's University across the far side of town for a night of raw rock and roll debauchery.

In a great buzzing and combustible atmosphere, the bands appeared; a bunch of local cults called The Idiots, the rockstarts in our backyard, Ruefrex, the misplaced and insipid Detonators, the bawdy attack of The Outcasts, the hock-rock-pop of Rudi, the quaint charm of Rhesus Negative and the forceful adolescent drive of The Undertones.

Inevitably, "the luck of the Irish" shone through. The P.A. didn't turn up, and the equipment hastily mustered by the bands caused the sound to range from bad to mediocre. But lustful energy is still something rarely seen onstage in darkest Belfast, and the rush hour our English cousins experienced all those moons ago is still getting to us, straight from the heart!

Stars of the evening were The Undertones, the rough and ready outsiders from Derry, 70 miles west of Belfast. It was their first performance in the capital and with titles like "Teenage Kicks" and "True Confessions", how could it be bad? This was real rock and roll, inducing images of deserted bus shelters, bottles of wine and fish and chips.

The punch was visual as well as aural; bass player Mickey Bradely has really got it, leering at the audience with a bright-eyed beam and intermittently hiding his face behind a bubble from his bubbly-gum-stuffed moosh.

The songs were nifty and neat but never predictable.

Affirmation of the band's sensibility came at the end of the set when they launched into a terrific version of Gary Glitter's pre-pubescent classic "Rock And Roll".

The night proved that there's a lot more going down in Belfast than Stiff Little Fingers.

Gavin Martin

JAZZ DIARY

THE NORTHERN Branch of Jazz Centre Society is presenting two "Blues Specials" at Manchester's Band On The Wall, with Harlem singer and harmonica player, Sugar Blue — featured, incidentally, on the new Rolling Stones album — on July 13, and Louisiana Red on August 24. Other events include Stray Hat on July 20th and Pete King with the Joe Palin Trio on 27th.

Meanwhile, back at The Hub, JCS present the Paul Motian Trio with Arild Anderson and Charles Brackeen at the ICA on 16th, the John Warren Band on 23rd, and the Eddie Prevost Trio and the John Stevens Trio on July 30th.

Again at the ICA, Albion Music presents Gary Todd, Paul Buckton, Simon Fell and Martin Townshend on July 8th, and Lol Coxhill, Phillip Durrant, Mike Johns and Ros Plotkin on 15th. The London Musicians Collective has Louis Burdett and Melanie Weine on drums and flutes on 7th, John Russell, Larry Stabbins, Steve Beresford, etc on 8th, a group called Albert Square from Manchester on 10th, and Maggie Nichols with Richard Beswick, Phil Wachsmann, Georgie Born and Tony Wren on July 14th.

Streatham's "The Cobblestones" presents Art Themen on July 19th, and Dick Morrissey on July 26th and August 2nd.

The White House in Washington recently featured President Carter singing the old Be-Bop warhorse "Salt Peanuts", backed by Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, Lionel Hampton and Max Roach, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Newport Jazz Festival; a fiver says Jim Callaghan can smoke him anytime.

New releases in the Pablo Live series include the magnificent "Johnny Hodges At The Sportpalast, Berlin", and "The Yokohama Concert" by J J Johnson and Nat Adderley. For punters blessed with my taste, Mole Jazz store in Grays Inn Road stocks the classic "Free Wheeling" by the Ted Brown Sextet including Warne Marsh and Art Pepper, "Mel Torme Loves Fred Astaire" backed by Marty Paich, Sonny Criss's "I'll Catch The Sun" and a tenor tearup by Arnett Cobb and Lockjaw Davis, "Go Power".

Brian Case

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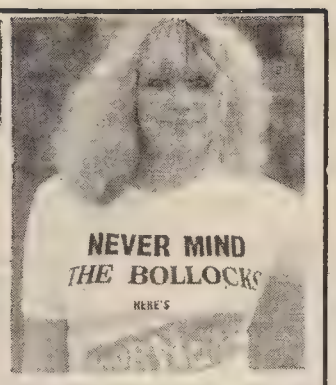

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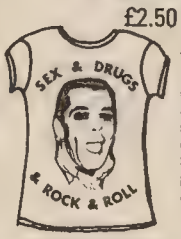

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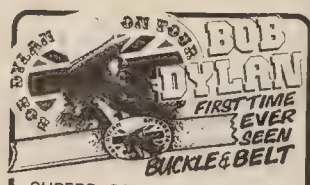

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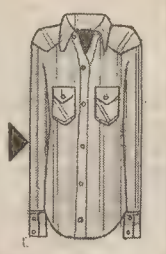

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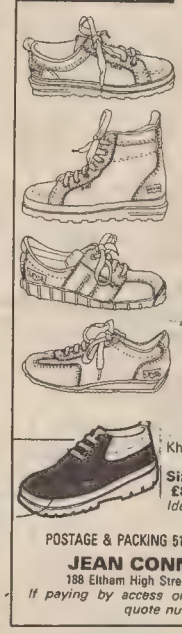

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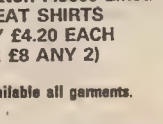
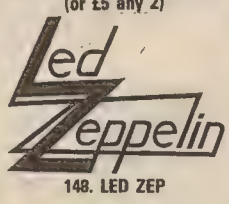
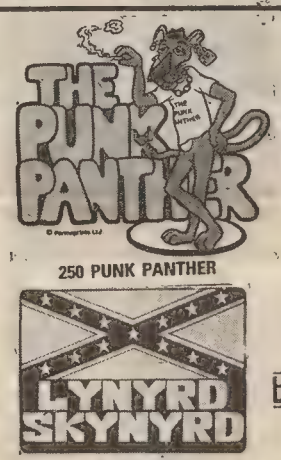


720 YES (Glitter)



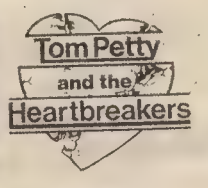
148. LED ZEP



250 PUNK PANTHER

240 LYNYRD

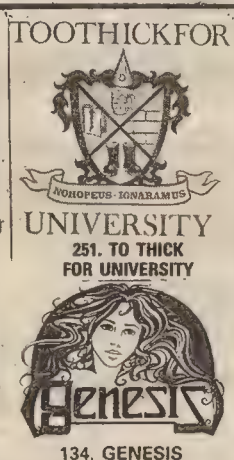
755. HENDRIX



313. TOM PETTY

714 LORD OF RINGS

299. TUBES



251. TO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY

134. GENESIS

232. REALITY

756. RAINBOW

303. CLOSE ENCOUNTER

DEATH IS NATURE'S WAY OF TELLING YOU TO SLOW DOWN
312. SLOW DOWN

PASSIN' THRU' LONDON?
VISIT OUR SHOP AT
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Trade and Abroad enquiries welcome

Calling all clubs, groups, etc. Have your own design printed on T-shirts (min quantity 20)
Write in for full details.

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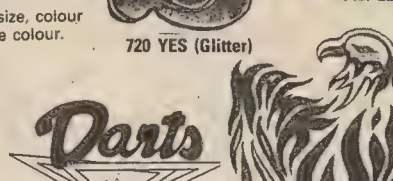
from PERMAPRINTS
TOP QUALITY NICKEL
ROCK BELT BUCKLES

3" × 2" Buckle, adjustable to all standard width belts

COLOURFUL TITLES AVAILABLE
B20 Genesis. B21 Led Zep. B22 Status Quo. B23 Sabbath. B24 Floyd. B25 Lynyrd Skyn. B26 E.L.O. B27 Stones (mouth design). B28 F. Mac. B29 Wings. For Buckle only send £1.95. for Buckle + 1½" Leather Belt, send £4.25 (includes P/P)

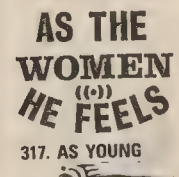
317. AS YOUNG



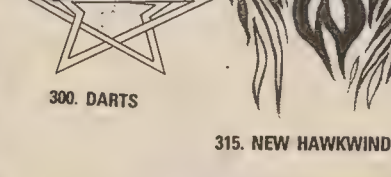
300. DARTS

315. NEW HAWKWIND

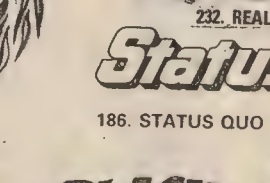
186. STATUS QUO



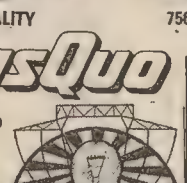
297. BLONDIE



298. NEW RAINBOW



309. SABBATH (Glitter)



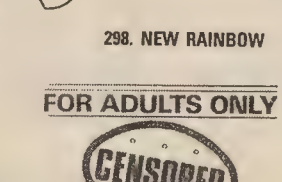
288. E.L.O.

305. BEE GEES (Glitter)

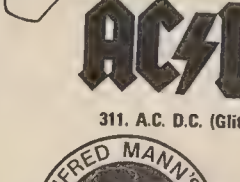
311. A.C. D.C. (Glitter)

316. LED ZEP/GLITTER

296. BOB DYLAN



314. CENSORED



310. EARTH BAND (Glitter)

YOUR OWN SLOGAN ON LEATHER WRIST BANDS
As shown ▸ but with your own name, slogan, group, etc. Up to 16 letters printed
Only £1.20 + 10p P&P

New Lines from Permaprints

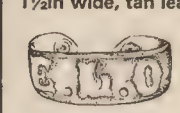
All designs shown in this advertisement are now available as
COLOURFUL BUTTON BADGES

Badge No. 260

Large size 2½in dia. Metal badges complete with pin fastener, and de luxe PVC finish.
ONLY 40p EACH
or £1 for any three + 10p P&P to total order.

When ordering state on order form: Badge and Ref No. of Design.

LEATHER WRIST BAND
1½in wide, tan leather, embossed with the following titles: W1 Hawkwind, W2 Yes, W3 Genesis, W4 Led Zep, W5 E.L.O., W6 Status Quo, W7 Rainbow, W8 Floyd,



W9 Blondie, W10 Queen, W11 Dylan. **ONLY 90p each + 10p P&P to total.**

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing: One garment add 25p (50p for abroad); Two or three garments add 35p (70p for abroad); For four or more garments add 45p (90p for abroad).

ORDERS TO: PERMAPRINTS LTD. (Dept. N.M.201, PO BOX 201)
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Name ..... *(PRINT CLEARLY)*
Address .....
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please send the following. State which garment required Ref. No. and title of design also size and colours for each garment

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.....
OTHER ITEMS .....
.....
I enclose £.....

(Dept. N.M.201)

When ordering if not enough room on order form give full details on separate piece of paper

gringo

SUMMER SUPER-BARGAINS!!

RECYCLED WESTERN DENIM !! **CUT PRICE LEVIS !**

BARCLAYCARD VISA **PHONE CARD NO. FOR QUICK SERVICE**

NOW!! — T-SHIRTS ONLY £2.50 INCL. P & P!
SWEAT SHIRTS ONLY £4.75 INCL. P & P!

Colours: Red, White, Denim, Navy, Yellow, Black, Sky Blue
* STATE DESIGN, NAME AND NUMBER ★

1

2

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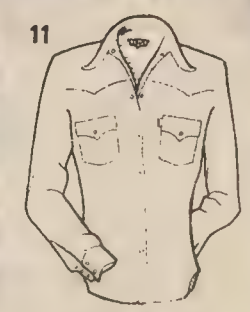
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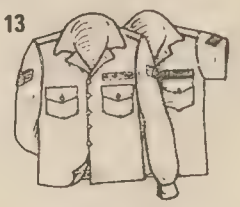
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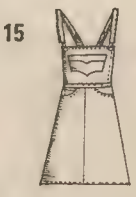

15

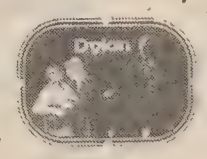
5

7

8

1. **LAPEL JACKET.** Old/new Denim, centre vent, copper studs. Sizes 32" to 42". **Only £11.95 plus 45p p & p.**
2. **DENIM BOMBER.** Old/new Denim — heavy metal zip, fur fabric lining. Sizes 32" to 42". **Only £10.95 plys 45p p & p.**
3. **DENIM SHIRT.** Smart fitted shirt, old/new Denim, great for summer! **Only £9.25 plus 45p p & p.**
4. **DENIM SKIRT.** From old Levis/Wranglers. Great summer wear! **Only £6.95 plus 45p p & p.**
5. **PATCH FLARE JEANS.** Recycled Levis/Wranglers, etc. Old/new Denim. AMAZING VALUE! Sizes 26" to 38" waist, 34" or 36" leg. **Only £8.95 plus 45p p & p.**
6. **DENIM CUT-OFFS.** Cut off Levi/Wrangler jeans for summer. Give your old jeans a reprieve and buy ours!! 24" waist to 36" waist **Only £3.95 plus 45p p & p.**
7. **GENUINE COWHIDE BOOTS.** (Mens) Real leather soles and heels. (Light or dark tan). Sizes 7 to 11 plus ½ sizes. **Only £19.95 incl. p & p!**
8. **MIRROR SHADES.** Pear shaped mirror sunglasses. **Only £3.95 inc. p & p.**
9. **THE ORIGINAL LEVIS (501).** Made from original Levi Blue, shrink-fit Denim, button flies, straight legs. Order actual size. **Our amazing price £13.95 inc. p & p.**
10. **CUT PRICE LEVIS.** Limited period only. Buy now for summer. (Time to fade). Sizes 26" to 36" waist, 34" to 36" leg. Levi 26" flare bag. Levi 22" flare. Levie 19" straights or Levi drainpipes. **ALL AT AMAZING PRICE OF ONLY £12.75 INC. P & P!!**
11. **NEW LEVI SHIRT.** Indigo Denim with bronze press studs. State neck size. **ONLY £9.95 PLUS 25p P & P.**
12. **ORIGINAL GRINGO LEATHER WAISTCOAT.** Great with Denims! In black, brown or "Jeans" blue leather. Nickel studs on black copper studs on brown and blue. Sizes 32" to 42". **ONLY £9.75 INC. P & P!**
13. **USAF & ARMY SHIRTS.** Genuine US Army/Airforce, M*A*S*H style shirts. Short or long sleeve. Green. All good condition. **GOOD VALUE AT £5.50.** (Short Sleeve) **AND £5.95** (Long sleeve) **PLUS 25p p & p.**
14. **LEVI NEEDLECORD STRAIGHTS.** Sizes 26" to 36" waist, 34" to 36" leg. Colours, black, gold, olive, dk. green, navy. **OUR PRICE! £12.75 INC. P&P.**
15. **LEVI DENIM DRESS.** Heavy denim bib-front dress. Sizes 23"-30" waist. **ONLY £7.95 PLUS 45p P&P.**

G1 STONES


G2 DYLAN

G3 DOWN

G4 BUM

G5 SIGN (State sign) (Glitter)

G8 MOUTH

G9 PEACE

G10 ROD

G6 WINGS (Glitter)

G7 EAGLES (Glitter)

G11 ELVIS

G12 SUPER

G13 BOWIE

G14 QUEEN

G15 ZEP

G16 COOL

G17 TULL

G18 PAUL

G19 FRAMPTON

G20 JIMI HENDRIX

GRINGO CASUALS CO., 56 Tavistock St., BEDFORD, BEDS

ORDER FORM

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
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Cheques/ PO/Cash £

Please state alternative colour & size where possible

QTY	SIZE	NUMBER	ALT. CHOICE

MONEY BACK ON ALL GOODS IF NOT SATISFIED

GRINGO CASUALS CO DEPT 85, 56 TAVISTOCK STREET, BEDFORD, BEDS Telephone (0234) 58355

Genuine U.S. Forces

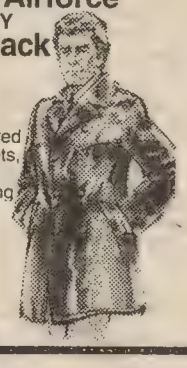
Mountain Feather Sleeping Bags

This is the famous super sleeping bag so much appreciated by mountaineering expeditions and all experienced campers.

£18.75 P & P £1.

Not new but in excellent condition. Wt. Approx. 6lb.

Limited Quantity Only OF GENUINE GOVERNMENT SURPLUS **Swedish Airforce** TOP QUALITY **Heavy Black Leather Jackets**



Beautifully tailored with slant pockets, epaulettes and blue melton lining as new.
NOW ONLY **£39.50** P & P £1

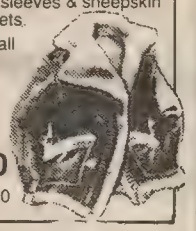
Now The Genuine Article! Superb Quality

Heavy Sheepskin Flying Jackets

Made in Brown heavy sheepskin with the brown sheep leather on the outside, pockets and seams bound in leather; Large sheepskin collar with storm straps, zip sleeves & sheepskin lined pockets.

Sizes: Small Medium. Large

NOW ONLY **£59.50** P & P £1 50



Cash, Money or Postal Order, Cheques, with order. Satisfaction or money refunded.

Acces and Barclaycards acceptable Please authorise and quote number

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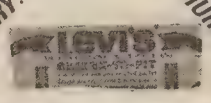

LEVIS ORIGINAL 501 SHRINK TO FIT HEAVYWEIGHT STRAIGHTS. Button fly. Sizes 27/34, then 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 with 36" leg. Few size 30" & 32" with 38" leg. £14.50 or 2 for £28.95. Buy your size, shrinkage allowed for waist and seat. SUPER WHITE DRAINPIPES FROM U.S.A. 14" bottoms, sizes 26, 28, 30, 32, 34. Leg 34. Few black left 28 & 34" £11.50, two pairs £21.95. Don't miss out, these are a sell out. ALL BLACK WET LOOK, LIGHT QUILTED BOMBER JACKETS, 4 zip pockets, concealed hood, stud fastening, mandarin styled collar £9.50. WRANGLER HEAVYWEIGHT DENIM FLARES. Unwashed, pre-shrunk in your size. £12.25. LEVIS 522 — Orange tag heavyweight flares, unwashed, £12.85 in your size. Or two for £25! LEVIS 527 — orange tag straight heavyweight, unwashed. 18" bottoms. Sizes 27", then 28" to 38" in 2" sizes. Leg 34" £12.85 or 2 for £25! All these have western pockets. LEVIS HEAVYWEIGHT JEAN JACKETS (Western) £14.50 in your size. LEVIS DENIM SHIRTS Rivet poppers. £10.25. WRANGLER DENIM SHIRTS £9.50 (poppers). PRE WASH WESTERN STYLE DENIM STRAIGHTS, 18" bottoms, 35" leg, only £8.50. Buy size smaller for a terrific fit. FABULOUS SATIN SHIRTS, at prices you can afford. Tapered fit. Sizes S, M, L. Colours black, white, Royal blue, flame red, bottle green and gold £8.50, 2 for £16. Alternative colour please. LEVIS MID-BLUE CHAMBREY TYPE SHIRT with pearly poppers. 14½" to 17" in half inch sizes. £9.50. STOP PRESS — LEVIS BUTTON SHIRTS in white, off white and navy. Don't miss these at £8.95 in ½ inch sizes from 14 to 17 (no 14 in off white). Two for £17. Alternative colour please. TOP QUALITY HARRINGTON JACKETS, in black or beige, tartan lined, sizes S,M,L £9.50. Back In! Wrangler hard wearing "Rail Road" fine stripe shirt. Pearly Poppers. S, M, L, & 17" £9.75. WRANGLER HALF SLEEVE DENIM SHIRTS. Pearly Poppers. XS, S, M, L, XL. £8.95. BLACK IS BLACK! Super Wrangler quality black poly cotton flares, 2 side pockets, 2 button back pockets. Sizes 28 to 36 in 2" sizes. Leg 32, 34, 36. Only £7.95. From U.S.A. EXCLUSIVE TAPER FIT SHIRTS. Pearly poppers. One with all over wild west scenes. Really teriffic £9.95. Also the Psycho, a patchwork multi colour explosion. Nothing like it. Limited quantities. Both, sizes S, M, L, £9.95. SUPER FIT CORDS. 18" bottoms now in silver grey. Sizes 28-36 in 2" sizes. Leg 33. £8.95. Also navy and black in some sizes. More arriving. WEAR ONLY THE BEST. Dr. Martens Tredair 10 eyelet brown boots. Sizes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Only £17.95.

SEND CHEQUES/P.O.s (quicker) to:

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Fresh Designs

T-SHIRTS £2.60
Colours: yellow, white and sky blue.

SWEAT SHIRTS £4.60
Colours: yellow, white sky blue and grey.

A1. ALICE COOPER

A9. KEITH RICHARD

A29. ERIC CLAPTON

A19 BOB DYLAN

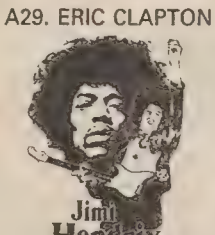
A20 STONES

A6. LED ZEPPELIN

A7. THIN LIZZY

A2. BLACK SABBATH

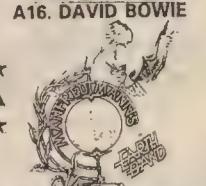
A28. NAZARETH

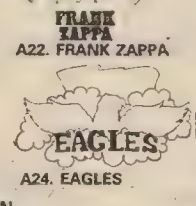

A11. JIMI HENDRIX

A14. RAINBOW

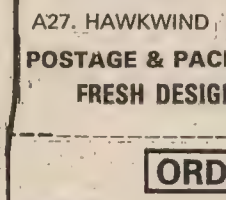
A25. E.L.P.

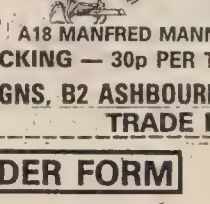
A15. BOB MARLEY

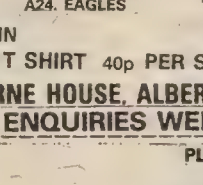

A16. DAVID BOWIE


A22. FRANK ZAPPA

A26. AC/DC


A27. HAWKWIND


A18 MANFRED MANN


A24. EAGLES

ALSO AVAILABLE: BAD CO., YES, GENESIS PINK FLOYD, ROD STEWART, BEACH BOYS.

POSTAGE & PACKING — 30p PER T SHIRT 40p PER SWEAT SHIRT. DOUBLE FOR OVERSEAS

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TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOME

ORDER FORM

PLEASE STATE ALTERNATIVE CHOICE AND COLOUR, WHERE POSSIBLE

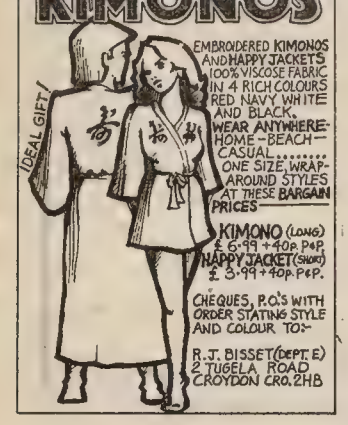
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

QUANTITY	SIZE S,M,L, or XL	DESIGN NUMBER	ALTERNATIVE CHOICE

I ENCLOSE CHEQUE/P.O. FOR £.....

MADE PAYABLE TO: **FRESH DESIGNS, B2 Ashbourne House, Alberon Gardens, London NW11.**

KIMONOS



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KIMONO (LONG) £ 6.99 + 40p. P&P.
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CHEQUES, P.O.'S WITH ORDER STATING STYLE AND COLOUR TO:-

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2 TUGELA ROAD
CROYDON CR0. 2HB

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BUTTON BADGES 2in diameter. Any Three £1 including P&P*

ABBA	YES	DYLAN
ELVIS	KISS	JAM
DAVID BOWIE	ELVIS COSTELLO	QUEEN
GENESIS	DOORS	STONES
SEX PISTOLS	HENDRIX	BLONDIE
SHAM 69	X RAY SPEXS	SNOOPY
STRANGLERS	E.L.P.	BEATLES
WHO	PINK FLOYD	T.R.B.
DEEP PURPLE	STATUS QUO	LED ZEPPELIN
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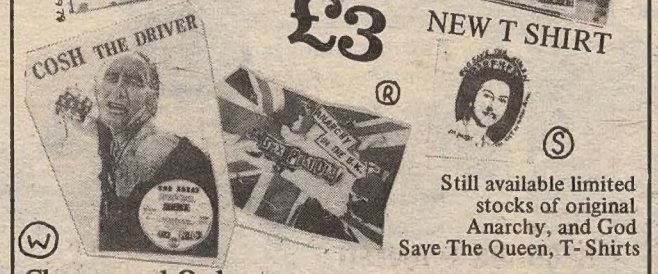

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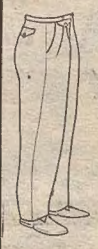

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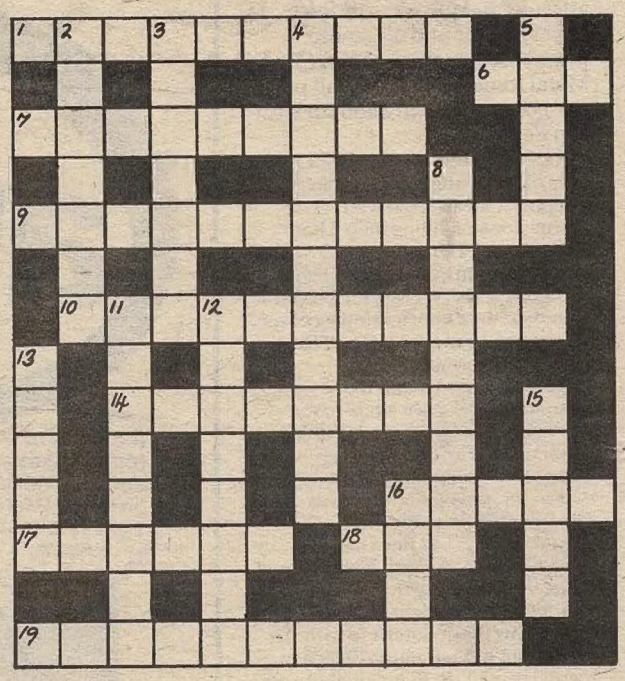

ACROSS

1 Dury's numbskull cronies — they'll never make membership of MENSA!
6 & 7 R&B medic of the mohair threads and hardnut sneer!
7 See above
9 . . . and Saturn and Jupiter and Pluto and so on . . .(5,3,4)
10 *Ordained* to be bassist with Sweet! (5,6)
14 A Rutle (4,4)
16 Luckless Jim, he played the older Elvis in the stage production of the same name
17 California, Cassidy & Co
18 Full of mirth — is that what Tom was pleased to be?
19 A poet geezer in Buzzcocks (4,7)

DOWN

2 Loitering punks?!
3 "Two Sevens Clash" reggae group
4 The lady the national press have been wetting themselves over since the opening of "Ryvita" — or whatever it's called! (6,5)
5 See 15
8 '60s British singer whose backing group was The Cruisers — his speciality was to tie himself up in his microphone lead! (4,5)
11 Iggy as numbskull — he'll never make MENSA either! (3,5)
12 . . . neither will this lot! They fill the *space*, behind Richard Hell!
13 See 16 down
15 & 5 U.S. session saxophonist of Delaney & Bonnie and Stones' "Sticky Fingers" period
16 & 13 Former Manfred Mann vocalist, he recently attempted a chart comback with an orchestrated version of "Pretty Vacant"!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 2 "American Pie"; 4 Richie Furay; 7 Utopia; 8 (Bebop) Deluxe; 9 "Out Of The Blue"; 11 Hall and Oates; 15 Lovin' Spoonful; 17 Jimmy (Cliff); 18 Soul; 20 Heinz; 21 "Dean"; 22 Joe (Strummer).
DOWN: 1 "Bat Out Of Hell"; 2 "Airport"; 3 Pere Ubu; 5 (Jimmy) Cliff; 6 Eddie Jobson; 10 "Ob La Di Ob La Da"; 12 "News Of The (World)"; 13 Thin Lizzy; 14 (Joe) Strummer; 16 "(News Of The) World"; 19 Nico.

NEXT WEEK

NO-ONE PAID any attention as the dark quietly dressed figure slid down the street, its snap brim trilby tugged low across its eyes. Few gave the furtive personage more than a glance as it passed into the drab office block and headed for the lift.

Even the normally alert receptionist failed to take in the features of the being that slipped the sealed envelope across his desk and was as swiftly gone. Idly he slit open the manilla paper, his jaw sagging as he read the typewritten words on the single cream sheet.

"The Box Is Back", it read. "Next week, Max Bell, world's greatest authority on obscure Yank groups, looks back on BIG STAR. Nick Kent shares beers and dog-ends with TOM WAITS. Dick Tracy reveals the mystery of . . ." It was signed simply 'B'. He quivered as he handed the slip of paper to the Editor. "For you", he mumbled.

The Ed looked like he'd swallowed a paper clip. "Box was here and you let him get away," he choked with scarcely concealed fury. "Get After him."

But on the street the dark figure was already lost among the crowds of tourists, drifting deep into the dark heart of the dark city . . .

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GOD, BUT Paul Morley is a dick. His review of Rush's "Archives" is typical of the attitude that puts me off this paper; clever and oh-so-hip journalists laughing at brainless Metal freaks. (We don't all pick our noses and spell Sabbath with two f's).

Referring to Rush and their fans he talks of "Immaturity of emotions, responses, ideals, character. A striving for something they'll both never have." The same can be said of Tom Robinson calling for Racial Harmony with "We've Got To Get It Together" or Zeppelin singing of the triumph of good over evil in "The Battle Of Evermore."

He also forgets about the Rastafarians who see a return to Ethiopia and reggae. And what about the hippies? The list is endless, because that something has to be striven for, it won't arrive on its own. The word is improvement.

And can you just once mention Rush without attacking their political views. It's annoying that people in their position are right-wing, but we don't allow this to interfere with out enjoyment of their music (which in these days of T.R.B. etc. is about as political as Morley's pussy (cat)).

Rush's only problem, and the reason they get pissed on, is that they are unfashionable. Hence they have power which is an evil, whereas punk bands and the hipper heavy groups such as Foreigner and Lizzy have energy which is an asset.

As for male chauvinism, their songs are a welcome change from the endless list of songs about how "nice" love is and about "heartbreaks". Next time please choose a journalist who is more concerned with constructive criticism than intelligent wittiness. Metal lives!

— MICK (Page is a prophet) HEGARTY, Whetstone, London.

P.S. Who is this shit Heinlen that Morley goes on about? We've never even heard of the bloke.

With regard to your comment about Rush: "It's annoying that people in their position are right-wing, but we don't allow this to interfere with our enjoyment of their music." Well that's just like saying you're a fan of Charles Manson's because The Beach Boys once recorded a couple of his songs . . . —R.C.

JUST HOPE you print this.

At the first Dylan concert my girlfriend passed out on her way to the loo (mixture of 300-mile drive, too little grub and a couple of whiskies). A security guy carried her down Christ knows how many stairs to the St. John Ambulance, then came back to find me, using the ticket she had with her. My heartfelt thanks to him and the nurse.

Thanks to you.

— PAUL, Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria.

The Age of Chivalry, so it would seem, is not dead. Furthermore, despite the reprehensible antics of a minority, not all security guards are the vicious lobotomized goons they're often made out to be. — RC.

NOW NOW, Dylan wasn't *that* good.

— A CREATURE VOID OF FORM, Aberdeen.

Oh yes I soddin' was! — BOB DYLAN.

OK! PLUG back your ears — this is no dimwit writing, just an overheated, unsatisfied, record buying chick who has to vent her feelings somewhere and it might as well be you!

I just bought Bruce Springsteen's "Darkness On The Edge Of Town" and it will be about the 10th album this year that I'll return to the shop. The quality of sound on this album and tone of others for the past few years is disgusting to say the least. We have wall-to-wall stereo crackles that even Tomita couldn't produce!

Last year I bought Daltrey's "One Of The Boys" and returned it six times. Two months ago I bought Lou Reed's "Street Hassle" and took it back so many times I lost count and finally kept the money instead of the album.

How is it that records I have dating back from the '60s are still in good nick even after a hell of a lot of use — no crackles — no scratches — and yet stuff that was pressed last week is only fit for the bin?

It's high time record companies pulled their fingers out and gave us value for money instead of cheapo productions at vastly exhorbitant prices and maybe just satisfy their customers for once.

— JANET BROOKS, Daubhill, Bolton, Lancs.

Janet, I know precisely how you feel.

the ARCHERS BAG
As astute rock and roll watchers will be aware, 1978 is going to be the year of Archers mania. Ambridge teeshirts are being produced in tens of thousands to meet the expected demand and sales of pre-war valve radios are soaring. For those of you who are unfamiliar with the main characters we give a brief guide below:
Tom Footrest – local toady and smarm merchant. Shown using a 'HAND-EE' type electric shaver.
Walter Gullible. genial old fart.
Polly Pissup mixing a cocktail in the snug bar of the old cow inn.
ANTACID POWDER
Dad Archer-pillar of the community and all-round sheep lagger.
Lillian Ballsacher. currently undergoing a complete blood change in a Swiss sanat-orium.
Jack Bully-insane local entrepeneur. Spends each morning in a strait jacket & bondage trousers.
Too mulch, man.
Maharishi Manure Yoghurt-local phoney
Toady Archer-admirer.
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Phyllis Archer-transvestite plantation owner.

If you're being asked to pay in the region of four quid for an album then you should expect (demand) certain standards of perfection. Try writing to the Managing Director of a label in no uncertain terms, Perhaps, if enough consumers complained, something might get done other than the poor punter! — RC.

PARSONS PROVIDES more alliterative hyper-decorative inane juxtaposing of adverbs and pronouns, bizarre banalities and presumptuous pompous quasi-glam-profound azioms, encased in an architectonic concise and overblown literary style, than any other writer currently working in the medium of hip journalism.

— JUNIUS, Sunny Raynes Park.

Oh really. Whatcha gotta say for yourself young Tone? — RC.

If I knew what it bleedin' well meant, I don't think I could have put it better meself, if you knowaddamean? — TP.

No! — MARK ROGET.

I AM addicted to 'neo's', 'pseudo's' and 'quasi's'. I am also addicted to the triad, particularly of adjectives. I detest all rhetoric except my own and can swing from one position of cant to another with an intensity that is visceral rather than intellectual, the enemy syntax crushed beneath my boot (cuban-heeled, of course). The careers teacher at my VIth form says that with my paralyzing pomp, fixation and penchant for arcane words, split infinitives and demotic prose, I should apply to the *NME* 'Herrenvolk' on leaving college.

R.S.V.P.

— LUCIEN CHARDON (a.k.a. de Rubempre, Isleworth.

As if they haven't already got enough problems! — PETER MARK ROGET.

MONTY SMITH shouldn't be allowed to get away with it — slagging off Patrick Fitzgerald's EP. A "paranoid dirge" he calls "Backstage Boys" — hasn't he ever been stalked by a gang of fellas with aggro on their minds?

There is real fear in that song and I know 'cos I've been in that situation. Is he so moronic that he can't *imagine* what it would feel like to be in that situation? Obviously he is, otherwise he'd be able to hear the sincerity with which Patrik sings.

The narrow-minded attitude which Mr. Smith showed towards this EP is typical of a middle-class prat who doesn't like it when he is made to listen to what the working-class people have to say because it poses a threat to his totally self-centred "I'm all right Jack so I don't give a shit about anyone else" world.

And if you're gonna put some smart-ass answer at the end of this letter, like "I was a working-class kid too, y'know" then all I can say is, you ought to know better.

— JOAN GEOFFROY, Winton, Bournemouth.

P.S. If you don't print this letter then show it to Monty Smith anyway I want him to know what I think of his arsehole review.

It's quite obvious Joan, that you must be a personal friend of Monty's to have such a deep insight into the man's highly-complex character! — RC.

If she wasn't some toffee-nosed tart from Bournemouth, I'd give 'er a good kickin'. — MS.

That's tellin' her! — JEAN JACQUES BULLY.

RE. JULIE Burchill, Cosh the babies. Does the panel think:

1. That being a common criminal is better/worse/the same as being a common journalist/common ligger/common pompous twit etc.

2. That your average monied celebrity is more/less cretinous than the train robbers/Julie Burchill/NME/rock 'n' roll, eh?

Cosh Julie Burchill, that's what I say.

— KARL (Fred is on holiday) Lurline Gardens. SW11.

Wonder what Fred's gotta say about it? Julie says "Sod off", but then she's always had a way with words! — RC.

I AM exceedingly rich — a nice schoolboy who goes to a Belfast Grammar School and an ardent (good word that) reader of your silly mag-come-paper. So I have decided to write to you in a moment of rash over-egotism while playing truant on a rainy day, a nice Sunday-afternoon type letter. Make a change from the boring self-centred stuff you write, wouldn't it?

In fact a friend of mine (my pet goldfish) once told me you even wrote the letters yourselves. Well, he has to have something to wee on doesn't he? Now what was I going to say? Oh yeah . . . I think Nick Kent is cool. And why do you all have slik, jazzy names, when I have a name like Nigel Mark Charlesworth.

— YOUR ARDENT READER, NMC (pity my last name wasn't Eliot), Belfast.

P.S. Who are TRB?

Sorry ole' Son, but having a moniker like Nigel is definitely un-cool, and the last rock journalist we knew with the handle Charlesworth was nicknamed "Meat Pie". So you think the same Nick Kent is c-o-o-l! Well, in actual fact it's Nicholas Benedict Kent . . . meanwhile we also employ Messes Montague Howard Smith, Charles Maxillian Shaar-Murray, Tony Victor Parsons . . . my middle name is Jack (and I'm alright!). — R.C.

I'M WRITING this letter to you because Charlie Murray's piece on Dylan was somewhat better than most of the pieces on Dylan published anywhere else and because Chris Salewicz was nice about our set at The Roundhouse on the 18th, so it won't seem as if I'm pretending to defend Dylan but really defending myself — if you can follow that complicated piece of self-consciousness.

If Bob Dylan doesn't feel contempt for the British musical press then he's a more tolerant man than I am. Not once in all the coverage of his concerts or his new album have I seen any understanding of the musical and verbal maturity his current work displays. His use of tempo and harmony to achieve ironic 'distance' has been matched only by The Beatles at their height — and they never achieved the texture of almost all the lyrics on "Street-Legal".

Has it occurred to anyone that Bob Dylan's reason for touring at this time is simply because he's proud of his new work?

The journalists have also disparaged the musicians now working with Dylan. These musicians have far more musical ability and invention than the rather dull backing group The Band ever possessed (witness *The Last Waltz).* Dylan is obviously using them because they are capable of interpreting his mature work.

He is the only survivor of that brief and astonishing period when popular music became for the first time innovative and genuinely inventive. In the main that period has declined and show-biz (with a slightly different face) has taken over again, but if all it gave us was Dylan it was more than most of us deserved. He has somehow struggled through to produce technically mature and emotionally valid work which has, as far as I'm concerned, enabled him to retain the respect he deserves (and justly demands).

Critics rarely have much self-respect and are inclined to transfer their contempt for themselves and their line of work onto the artists whose existence provides the critics with a living. I doubt if many of them could handle their lives as well as Dylan has handled his, even without the pressures he's under the whole time. But I'm shifting modes, from defence to attack, so I'll stop.

My previous letter to a music paper was some years ago. Oddly enough it was to *Melody Maker* who were then complaining, almost to a man, about Dylan 'going electric'. Funny to see some of the same names claiming, indirectly, that they'd always been among the few who'd 'understood'. It's a bullshitter's world, and no mistake.

— MICHAEL MOORCOCK, London W.C.1

Dunno 'bout "somewhat better". Personally I felt CSM's Dylan piece was *infinitely superior* to the across-the-board press coverage. While conceding that there are those in our profession who are perhaps somewhat bitter 'n' twisted, as far as my cohorts are concerned, your assumptions that most critics lack self-respect and transfer their contempt for themselves and their line of work etc etc are way off target. These guys love themselves. Uh huh huh! — R.C.

FOR ALL those readers who didn't see Dylan, I'd just like to tell them that he only sang two songs with his eyes open — "All I Really Want To Do" and "Forever Young". What does this mean?

And for all you make-up freaks out there, he wore black eyeliner, glitter on his eyelids and rouge on his cheeks. OK?

— YOUR MAKE-UP CORRESPONDENT, KEITH MORE, Hatfield, Herts.

In answer to your first point, perhaps he was asleep. While on the subject of cosmetics, that's what comes of once having Mick Ronson in the band. — RC.

No it doesn't — MICK RONSON

I prefer the natural look! — DAVID BOWIE.

THE FABULOUS Poodles are fabulous. Lefties are poseurs, women's libbers are wankers. Incidentally I saw Alternative TV here and they 're the worst band I've ever seen.

— WARWICK UNIVERSITY ANTI-BULLSHIT LEAGUE.

Hold on a minute! I think we've got wires crossed. Shouldn't this be on the live reviews page! — RC.

NO, but I am.

— PETE THE VERY OBSCURE

Yes. — ROY THE PSYCHIC.

Edited by ROY CARR

NOTHING NEW this week — just another ludicrously over-the-top front-page story from the *News Of the World*.

Sunday's edition claimed that train-robber **Ronald Biggs** stood to make £30,000 from his second bash at notoriety (the Pistols' single) — a fifth as much as he's said he made from the first one (the Great Train Robbery, dummy). The paper even quoted Virgin boss **Richard Branson** as saying that the single had enough advance orders to make No. 1 straightaway. The facts suggest otherwise however — interest in the single is lukewarm rather than hot, as its modest entry at No. 28 in this week's chart indicates. Still, there was probably enough in the story to convince some criminals that life is the rock biz is both more easy and more lucrative than life in conventional crime . . .

Biggs, incidentally, is reputed to take his Punk Prayer very seriously — it's seemingly a satire on the priests who bless the likes of **Myra Hindley** . . .

Rod Stewart's manager **Billy Gaff** on the everyday problems of being a rock star: "It's difficult to go to a party in L.A. where there isn't cocaine"; however he was confident that his boy would see it all through ("Rod would never go off the rails. He's too fond of his looks and his body") to a life of comfortable senility ("My plan is to have him around for as long as Sinatra") . . .

John Reid, manager of **Elton John,** meanwhile says he hopes to be able to persuade his boy to return to touring; though if the Elt's record sales fall off much further, he's hardly going to have any choice . . .

Quote of the week, though, comes from **Iggy,** who told an *Evening News* reporter: "I give everything I've got on stage. I'm afraid I belong to that old-fashioned school of entertainment." . . .

Bill Spooner — leader and co-founder of **The Tubes** — chose July 4th (American Independence Day) to marry Cindy, one of the Tubettes, to provide some kind of ironic reminder of their lack of independence thereafter . . .

George Harrison — his enthusiasm for rock music perhaps rekindled by the **Dylan** concerts (he saw most of them) — turned up in Oxford with **Derek Taylor** to catch the **Boomtown Rats** gig. Chatting with the boys afterwards, he seemed disheartened to learn that the showbands were still alive and well. "I thought we'd killed them all off in '63", he commented . . .

Taylor's eldest son, incidentally, now plays in an up'n'coming LA band, **The Brothel-Creepers . . .**

At a press reception to launch her book *A Twist Of Lennon,* John's ex-wife **Cynthia** revealed that she had moved her family to Dublin for tax reasons, since her £100,000 divorce settlement was beginning to run dry. "It wasn't enough to keep me and my son Julian in the style to which we had become accustomed." Her book might not even revive the flagging finances — she hasn't sold the US rights yet. "Whatever John may say, publishers haven't found it sensational enough."

And whilst dealing with Beatleabilia, let's hear it one more time for the British invasion; US magazines were last week advertising as forthcoming attractions at CBGBs **Sham 69, The Adverts** and **Wire.** The latter, incidentally, were the band whose recordings most impressed **Dylan** when he copped an earful of new wave sounds . . .

The Northern Carnival Against The Nazis takes place at Alexandra Park, Moss Side, Manchester, on July 15; bands hoping to counter the Southern challenge of **Dylan, Armatrading, Parker** *et al* include **Buzzcocks, Steel Pulse** and **China Street. . .**

The Stones US concerts have been creating not entirely unexpected problems. Three Canadian fans, for example, anxious to see the band's Cleveland gig, set out across Lake Erie in a small boat to buy tickets. The boat ran out of gas half-way across and a massive rescue search, involving five boats, a plane and two helicopters, costing $15,000, was launched before they were brought to safety.

It might, though, have been more dangerous to actually go to the gig; at the Kentucky concert, one fan was shot, and 17 arrested . . .

With the Stones still prompting such behaviour, we were a mite surprised to see them top of *Snouds* alternative chart last week. Quite a paradox, that. So howcum they qualify for the alternative chart? Because they have a 12" released on pink vinyl, that's why . . .

Patti Smith's book *Babel,* a collection of prose and verse will be published in October by Virago, the feminist press . . .

Many apologies to the **Ballet Rambert** for suggesting, in a piece on the Roundhouse Love-In a coupla weeks back, that they'd reneged on their commitments. It just wasn't true at all . . .

Bob Geldof's status-seeking ligging has reaped huge dividends of late. After being thrown out of the Macroon Festival (near Cork, Eire) in company with **Johnny Rotten** and encountering ex-Beatle **George** (see above) at his own gig, he was introduced to **Bowie** at Wembley last week. And **Dustin Hoffman** and **Bianca** were there at the same time — that's not a bad set of names to drop for one month . . .

Bowie, incidentally, his lengthy British tour now completed, has been approached to do a ten-day stint at the Palace in New York, to tie in with the premiere of his *Just A Gigolo,* movie . . .

So you thought rock'n'roll had changed the world? Think again. Reviewing *American Hot Wax* for the *Evening Standard* last week, **Alexander Walker** conceded that it was good, "even though it's a terrifying anthem in praise of trash and mindlessness." In the opinion of the man who claims to have once "bumped into" Alan Freed, the subject of the film, "he was an out-and-out opportunist who lacked taste and knowledge as well as scruples" and "pandered to the lowest with crowd-pulling rubbish." Confirming his uncertain grasp of reality, Walker then referred to the movie's concert, "where Chuck Berry stampedes the audience and a rather superannuated Jerry Lee Lewis can still do the splits (and nameless things with his guitar)." Funny that; we here at *NME* always thought that Freed was one of the few '50s DJ's to ignore trash and mindlessness, and that it is Chuck Berry who can still do the splits (not to mention nameless things with his guitar) *NME*'s own, hopefully better-informed, review of the film is on page 21 . . .

In an attempt to bankrupt hard-core **Kiss** fans, their record company, Casablanca, will be issuing five albums by them in September — solo efforts by each of the band's four members, and a group album; their release in the U.S. will coincide with a Kiss movie, and an extensive, expensive promotional campaign . . .

The recent **Vibrators'** split has left ex-**Blast Furnace** bass player **Gary Tibbs** out of work and looking for a gig; anyone interested in locating a worthy bassist can call him at 267-2000; while the Heatwaves' harpist **Skid Marx** has been guesting on the sessions for **The Pirates'** next album . . .

Clash rumours for this week: isn't that **Nick Lowe** and a member of **The Attractions** on "The Prisoner", the B-side of their "Hammersmith Palais" single; and is it **Mick Jones** or **Johnny Thunders** on the final few bars of **Sid**'s "My Way" . . .

Trying valiantly for a place in the *Guinness Book Of Records* as Most Disastrous Concert was the recent **Joe Tex** gig at Hammersmith Odeon. Advance ticket sales (only about 500) were so bad that promoter **John Curd** would have been perfectly entitled to call the whole thing off; being a keen Tex fan, however, he allowed it to go ahead. But after support band **Lee Kosmin** had finished at 8.45, nothing happened until after ten o'clock when Tex's band belatedly took the stage, played two numbers, and were then ushered off again by **Leroy Hadley** (Tex's lead guitarist and m.d.). Tex finally appeared at 10.45, saying with disarming honesty, "Thank you for bearing with us while we straightened out some financial matters".

Seems that in view of the poor attendance, he'd demanded his cash in full, on the table, before agreeing to perform. The show itself was more suited to Batley than Hammersmith and concluded with members of the band picking up girls from the audience. Tex, who once retired from the business to become a Baptist minister, left the country hurriedly early the next morning . . .

And finally, *T-zers,* ever catholic in its choice of reading, noted with surprise that *Playboy*'s Playmate Of The Month — one **Karen Morton** — named **Johnny Cougar** as her favourite rock star. Surprising choice, we thought — could it possibly have anything to do with the fact that her current beau once worked for Cougar's management? . . .

... Or the Curse of The Damned.

American psychic researchers (ghost-hunters) were surprised during a recent all-night vigil at Borley Church, Suffolk, by the apparition of a strange figure dressed in black.

A genuine para-normal phenomenon? A walking undead?

Neither — 'twas just Dave Vanian — accompanied by two friends — there to pick up some occult vibrations of his own.

The three of them lent their saturnine presence to the ghost-watch, and then left quietly when the police were called; no charges preferred, no garlic necessary.

T ZERS

Is Risen From The Grave

Cartoon: STEVE BELL

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This week	Last week	TOP TEN
20p Sonics Rendervous Band, Rock Action, Ants Phys-ic-al, Ants Valaise	1	(1)	BUZZCOCKS
	2	(3)	CLASH CITY ROCKERS
	3	(9)	STEEL PULSE
	4	(2)	SHAM 69
25p Cosh the Driver, No One is Innocent, Sid Vicious May Way.	5	(7)	SHAM ARMY
	6	(6)	CLASH POLICE
	7	(5)	999
	8	(–)	YELLOW COSTELLO
30p Here & Now	9	(–)	DEVO QUOTE
	10	(–)	DEVO SATISFACTION

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C/W 'Every Where You Go.' Cat. No: WIP 6430.
Produced by Paul Samwell-Smith.

ISLAND

Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., S.E.1. Printed in England by Northamptonshire Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Sole Agents, Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd. Publishers.

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